The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. 31 No. 2 LESSONS FOR MAY February 1944

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The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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MAGAZINE CIRCULATION, 62,000

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, Feb. 1, and Feb. 15, 1884.

"The Rights of The Women of Zion, and The Rights of The Women of All Nations"

An Ovation: On Monday, January 21st, Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith, President of the Latter-day Saint Women's Organizations, received such an ovation as is seldom accorded to a woman. The party met in the Social Hall at 5 p. m. and the exercises began about six o'clock. President John Taylor made some preliminary remarks suitable to the occasion, and congratulated Sister Eliza on having arrived at the age of four score years. A good spirit seemed to rest upon all assembled to pay this tribute of respect to a veteran mother in Israel. . . .

* * * *

The Sixteenth Annual Washington Convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association: Will be held in Lincoln Hall, Washington, D.C., March 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1884. Public sessions will be held at 2 and 7:30 p. m. on each of these days, and Executive Sessions, open only to officers and members of the Association, will be held daily at 10:30 a.m. . . .

The principal object of this Association from its organization, has been to secure to the women of the several States and Territories national protection in the *Citizens Right to Vote*, through a Sixteenth Amendment to the National Constitution.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, President.

* * * *

Miscellaneous: The Woman's Journal will henceforth number among its occasional contributors Louisa M. Alcott, Mary F. Eastman and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

* * * *

Will somebody tell us if there is a chaos of unrocked cradles, undarned socks and buttonless shirts in Washington Territory—now that the women vote?

* * * *

Editorial Notes: The picture entitled, "Representative Women," and dedicated to Sister Eliza R. S. Smith . . . . is now ready . . . . There is a book of pen-sketches of about 140 pages, which will enhance the interest of the picture.

* * * *

Manti Items: At the commencement of another cycle of time we desire to inform our favorite organ that we are still living and endeavoring to live the lives of Latter-day Saints, and that the Manti North Ward Relief Society is up and doing deeds of kindness—like He who suffered on the cross—let their good works testify . . . . Those who are in trouble find a father, benefactor and comforter in our Bishop; a mother, sister and sympathizer in our beloved president, Sister Rebecca Wareham, and the members of the Relief Society.

* * * *

Pretty napkins for trays and fruit dishes are of cream colored momie cloth, with designs of grapes, peaches, plums and apples, mingled with their leaves. The work is either in Kensington or etching style, and the napkins are finished with a border of drawn work and a knotted fringe.

* * * *

The Cover: The cover picture, "Light of the Morning," is from a photograph taken in Blanding, Utah, by Willard Luce.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHE WAS MARRIED

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 31, NO. 2 FEBRUARY 1944

Abraham Lincoln

Elder Bryant S. Hinckley

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born February 12, 1809, near Hodgenville, Kentucky. His mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, died when he was nine years of age. In 1830, he moved to Illinois; 1832, was captain of a volunteer company of the Black Hawk Indian War; 1834, elected a member of the House of Representatives of Illinois; 1837, admitted to the bar; 1846, elected to the National House of Representatives; 1858, debated with Stephen A. Douglas; 1860, elected President of the United States; reelected in 1864; April 12, 1861, Fort Sumpter was fired upon; April 9, 1865, Lee surrendered; and on April 14, Lincoln was shot by an assassin in Ford's Theatre in Washington, and died at seven o'clock the following morning. He married Mary Todd in 1842, and became the father of three sons. He lived fifty-six years, two months, and two days—freed the slaves and saved the nation. This is the simple story of his life.

Two generations have gone since all that was mortal of the Great Emancipator was laid to rest in his tomb in Springfield, Illinois. During the intervening years a vast literature has grown up about his life, his character, his renown.[1]

More has been written and said about him than about any other American. Against this background one should be able, without partiality and with understanding, to equate his value as a leader and measure his contribution to his Country and to mankind.

He was a lawyer by profession and is declared to have been a "legal genius of the first rank." That he was a great constitutional lawyer is the deliberate judgment of one of the ablest critics in that profession. To use his words: "It is certain that when the muse of legal history calls the roll of eminent lawyers of our country's story, and records the greatest of these worthies, she will write Hamilton, with his acute, constructive intellect, as the brilliant, consummate flower of our earliest

[1] Zane, *Lincoln The Constitutional Lawyer*, p. 5.

constitutional history, will write Marshall and Webster as the ripe fruits of the noonday of our growing love and reverence for the Nation, then dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write with those deathless names, *Abraham Lincoln*, the patriot, statesman, martyr and lawyer, who saved this Union to live on for the happiness of mankind."[2]

As a statesman he takes rank among the noblest and greatest that ever lived. It was in this capacity that he made his supreme contribution—it was here that he revealed the soundness and clearness of his thinking, showed his wisdom and his magnanimity. He was the ablest man that ever went to the White House, the best fitted for his job, which was one of the most difficult in our national history. "To this task he brought the greatest of all the things that man has gathered in his progress from brutish savagery. That possession is culture, which an Apostle of culture, Matthew Arnold, has defined as requiring a sense for intellectual things, a sense for conduct and an aesthetic sense. Accidental matters, clothes, conventional manners, education, have little to do with culture, and Aristotle has told us that to dwell too much on these accidents is a sign of *aphuia*, by which he means a naturally inferior mentality. Culture requires a kind of mind that is open to matters of knowledge, a sense for the possessions of the intellect, and it is in its best form a power of dwelling and reflecting upon intellectual things and of aspiring to better things, until a man is enabled to comprehend this great and growing, progressive life of humanity that has made us what we are.

"Would any man say that the younger Pitt, or Perceval, or Aberdeen, or Lord John Russell, or Lord Palmerston had, when each became Prime Minister, anything like the equipment of Lincoln when he became President?"[3]

LINCOLN was a prose poet with the rarest taste for beauty in words. One of the world's treasures of great literature was his letter written, without revision, to Mrs. Bixby, Nov. 21, 1864:

Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Those were anxious days, the air was full of portent, the nation waited with bated breath for Lincoln's first inaugural address. The soulful and matchless words of the closing paragraph of that address will shine forever. It ran: "In your hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of the Civil War. The government will not assail you. You have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy this

[2] *ibid.* p. 47. [3] *ibid.* p. 156

government, while I have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it.

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every patriotic grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

After four years of carnage and bloodshed, he was again elected President and closed his second inaugural with these appealing and precious words: "Fondly do we hope —fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequitted toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are now in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations."

His Gettysburg address,* cast in bronze, is given a place at Oxford University, England, as a specimen of the purest English ever written or spoken. The purpose of the Civil War was put in one short sentence: "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."

HE was a matchless leader of men. He never resorted to coercion. He never surrendered a principle nor compromised with evil. He was great in the noblest and loftiest interpretation of that word. Great in intellect, in heart, in motive—the tenderest and gentlest memory of the ages.

He belonged to no church—yet no man practiced more perfectly nor preached more eloquently the precepts of the Master. His proclamations and petitions are scarcely surpassed by the loftiest utterances of the ancient prophets. Under divine guidance, he piloted this Nation through four years black with the tempest of war, and secured peace without dismemberment. During those dark days, his gaunt figure, rising above the din and smoke of battle, sustained and inspired the people. Before the war began, he said: "I know there is a God and that He hates injustice and slavery. If He has a place for me, and I think He has, I am ready."

One cannot follow Lincoln from Springfield to Washington when he went to take the oath of office, and read the speeches which he made along the way, and doubt for one moment that he was a man of destiny, trusting implicitly in the guidance and goodness of the Almighty.

* For full text of his Gettysburg address see p. 71; for "Lincoln and the Mormon Question," see p. 90.

At Columbus, Ohio, he said: "I know that you all know that there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of this Country. So feeling, I turn and look for that support without which it would be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the great American people and to the God who has never forsaken them."

Speaking before the legislature of New York, he said: "We still have confidence that the Almighty, the Maker of the universe, will, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people, bring us through this as He has other difficulties of our country."

At Philadelphia, he said: "I have said nothing but that I am willing to live by and if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by."

Henry Watterson, a Southerner, and an orator and editor of renown, who served in the Confederate Army, said of Lincoln: "Surely he was one of God's own, not in any sense a creature of circumstances or accident. I say again and again, he was inspired of God, and I cannot see how any one who believes in that doctrine can believe him as anything else . . . . Born as lowly as the Son of God, reared in poverty, without name or fame or official training, it was reserved for this strange man late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment and entrusted with the destiny of a nation. He was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue to do what he did.

"Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish ploughman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God alone, and as surely as they were raised up by Him, inspired by Him, so was Abraham Lincoln, and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death."[4]

In response to the congratulations of personal friends on his election as President, in 1864, he said: "I should be the veriest shallow and self-conceited blockhead upon the footstool, in my discharge of the duties that are put upon me in this place if I should hope to get along without the wisdom that comes from God and not from man."[5]

No man clothed with great power ever exercised it more benignly, endured calumny with less bitterness, looked with deeper compassion and forgiveness upon his enemies, prayed more fervently to God, believed more profoundly in the unfailing justice and mercy of a benevolent Creator than did Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln's life is our brightest heritage. He added pride to our citizenship, luster and glory to the flag that waves over us, strength and purity to the government that protects and shelters us, faith and reliance in the justice and mercy and majesty of an all wise, all powerful God who guides and blesses us.

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[4] Watterson, *The Compromises of Life*, pp. 179-80

[5] John Wesley Hill, *Abraham Lincoln Man of God*, p. 408

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

Delivered November 19, 1863

"Four score and seven years ago,
our fathers brought forth on this continent
a new nation, conceived in liberty
and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
testing whether that nation—or any nation, so conceived
and so dedicated—can long endure.
We are met on a great battlefield of that war.
We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place
for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.
It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate,
we can not hallow, this ground.
The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here,
have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract.
The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here;
but it can never forget what they did here.
It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here
to the unfinished work which they who fought here
have thus far so nobly advanced.
It is rather for us to be here dedicated
to the great task remaining before us;
that from these honored dead we take increased devotion
to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;
that we here highly resolve
that these dead shall not have died in vain;
that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,
and that government of the people, by the people, for the people,
shall not perish from the earth."

"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

III. THE EVENING SACRIFICE ON THE DAY OF THE PASSOVER AND THE SLAYING OF THE PASCHAL LAMB

As the time approached for the beginning of the ceremony of the evening sacrifice—soon after midday—the worshipers would gather into the Court of Women, as many as could be, to observe and participate in the evening sacrifice, which was a burnt offering.

At the morning sacrifice, the officiating body of priests had drawn four lots:[130] the *first* lot designated the priests who were to cleanse the altar and to prepare its fires; the *second* lot was cast to determine who of the priests would offer the sacrifice, and cleanse the candlestick and the altar of incense in the Holy Place (there were thirteen priests in this group, the one who drew the lot, and the twelve priests who stood nearest to him); the *third* lot determined who was to offer the incense (this was regarded as the most important part of the ceremony, and if possible, no one who had officiated before in this rite was to officiate a second time); the *fourth* lot designated those who were to burn the sacrifice and attend to the closing portions of the service.

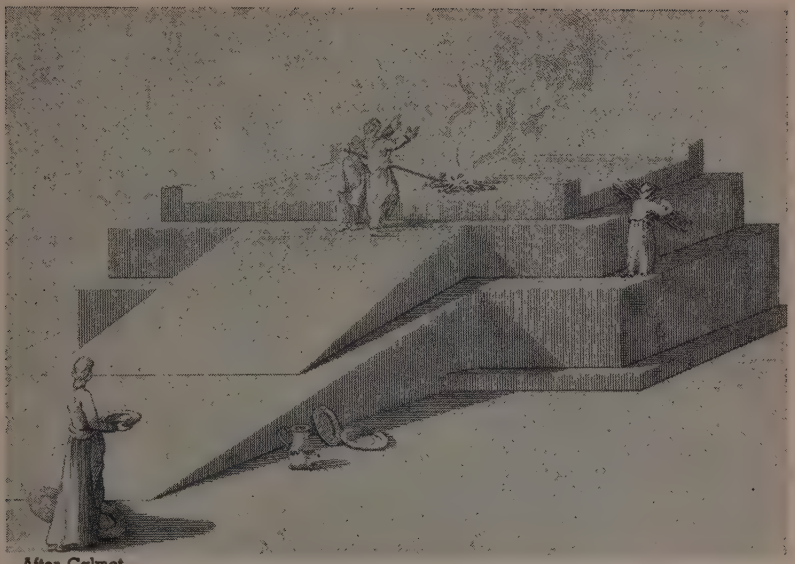
These lots were drawn in the "Hall of Polished Stones," or the Gazith where the Sanhedrin met, which was on the southern side of the "inner court" of the Temple enclosure proper and was either east of the easternmost gates going from the Court of the Gentiles into the Court of the Priests[131] or in a set of chambers, sitting off by themselves, in the southwest part of that court.[132]

In the evening service only the third lot was drawn—that for the incense—since, for the other lots, the priests who were designated by the morning drawing also served in the evening.[133]

The First Lot

When the time came to begin the evening sacrifice, the first of the priests, on whom the first lot had fallen, went to the great brass laver (which stood to the southeast of the altar) where he washed his hands and feet—the right foot with the right hand, the left foot with the left hand. He then took a "chafing dish" and, ascending the altar, he fixed the fire on the altar, removing the burnt coals which he took down and deposited on the north side of the altar. As he descended, the other priests first washed their hands and feet (as had the first) and taking shovels and prongs, they went up the altar, pushed aside the parts of the previous sacrifice still uncon-

130/ Edersheim, *The Temple* pp. 122, 130 ff. 131/*The Temple* p. 30; Zenos in *Standard Bible Dictionary*, sub voce "Temple"; Kennedy in *Hastings Bible Dictionary* (single volumed ed.) sub voce "Temple." 132/*Palestine Exploration Fund*, 1896, p. 48. 133/*The Temple* p. 137.



—After Calmet

THE ALTAR OF BURNT SACRIFICE

The altar was in three "sections," one atop the other, the second smaller than the first, and the third than the second. The base was 32 cubits square (48 feet), the next above being 28 cubits square (42 feet), and the top 24 cubits square (36 feet). The altar was about 15 feet high.

The top "circuit" (the shelf between the second and top sections) was 6 feet wide and 3 feet from the top of the altar, and 4½ feet from the top of the "horns" at each corner of the alta. It was on this "circuit"—shelf—that the priests walked in attending to the sacrificial rites. An inclined plane on the south of the altar led from the pavement to this "circuit."

There were three fires on top of the altar: one on the east for the offerings; one on the south for the incense; and one on the north from which the other two were kindled. About midway up the side of the altar and running all around it was a red line. The blood of the sacrifices to be partly eaten was sprinkled *above* the red line; the blood of those to be wholly consumed was to be sprinkled or thrown *below* the red line. Nearby was a heap of salt from which was taken the salt with which every sacrifice must be salted.—Pres. J. Reuben Clark, Jr., *Relief Society Magazine*, January 1944, p. 10.

sumed, removed the ashes from the fire, piling part of them in the center of the altar and taking the rest down and placing them on a heap which was later removed from the Temple. They then laid fresh wood on the altar fires (only fig-tree wood could be used on the fire from which the incense altar was fed), and then put back on the east altar fire the unconsumed portions of the previous sacrifice.

The Second Lot

The one getting the second lot in the morning and the twelve priests who stood nearest to him, would proceed to offer the sacrifice and to clean the candlestick and the altar of incense which stood inside the

outer chamber of the Temple proper; that is, the Holy Place. The "president" now ordered the sacrifice (a male lamb which had been provided four days before) to be brought from Beth-Moked (a chamber in which sacrificial animals were kept in the northwest corner of the outer wall of the whole Temple enclosure—the soreg or outer wall of the Mountain of the House).[134] The lamb was examined to see if it were Levitically fit, and it was given a drink of water from a golden bowl. Then it was tied to a ring at the northeast of the altar. It was then bound by tying together the front and hind legs on each side. Its head was towards the south and fastened through a ring. Its face was turned towards the west. The sacrificing priest stood on the east side of the lamb.

Orders were now given to open the gates of the Temple. As the last swung open, the priests blew three blasts on their silver trumpets which announced that the evening sacrifice was about to be offered. Upon this signal the gates of the Holy Place were opened, and this constituted the signal for the actual slaying of the sacrifice which was done in this manner: The officiating priest drew forward the windpipe and gullet of the lamb, swiftly thrust upward the knife, while another priest caught the blood and "threw" it on the northeast and southwest angles of the altar below the red line as already described for the burnt offering, and poured out what was left at the foot of the altar.

While the sacrifice was being hung up, flayed, and cut up, and the six priests were carrying it to the "rise of the altar" where it was salted, and while three other priests carried the daily meat offering of the high priest, and the drink offering up to the same place, two of the priests of the same lot had gone into the Holy Place; one removed the burnt coals and ashes from the golden incense altar, put them in a golden vessel, and left the sanctuary. This was to be done as nearly as possible while the lamb was being slain. While the priest outside was "throwing" the blood of the sacrifice on the altar, the other of the two priests in the Holy Place was trimming and refilling the lamps still burning, was removing the wick and the old oil from those that had gone out, and was refilling and relighting them from one of the other lamps. He did not relight the central lamp, which bent westward toward the Holy of Holies, because that could only be relit from the fire from the altar itself. In relighting the lamps, the priest left two for a later part of the ceremony.

The Third and Fourth Lots

This was the point in the service where the *third* and *fourth* lots were cast in the morning. But in the evening service only the third—or incense lot—was cast. Before this ceremony of casting lots took place, the priests offered a prayer, which, according to tradition, was as follows:

Prayer of the Priest

With great love hast Thou loved us, O Lord our God, and with much overflowing pity hast Thou pitied us. Our Father and our King, for the sake of our fathers who trusted in Thee, and Thou taughtest

134/ *Palestine*, 1896, op. cit.

them the statutes of life, have mercy upon us, and enlighten our eyes [in Thy law; cause our hearts to cleave to Thy commandments; unite our hearts to love and to fear Thy name, and we shall not be put to shame, world without end. For Thou art a God who preparest salvation, and us hast Thou chosen from among all nations and tongues, and hast, in truth, brought us near to thy great name, Selah, in order] that we in love may praise Thee and Thy Unity. Blessed be the Lord, who in love chose His people Israel.[135]

At one time the Ten Commandments were now repeated, but this was given up in fear that the Sadducees would contend they were the only essential part of the law.

The "Shema"

Then the Priests assembled repeated in concert the "Shema", as follows:

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.[136]

* * * *

And it shall come to pass, if ye shall hearken diligently unto my commandments which I command you this day, to love the Lord your God, and to serve him with all your heart and with all your soul,

That I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil.

And I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat and be full.

Take heed to yourselves, that your heart be not deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other gods, and worship them;

And then the Lord's wrath be kindled against you, and he shut up the heaven, that there be no rain, and that the land yield not her fruit; and lest ye perish quickly from off the good land which the Lord giveth you.

Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes.

And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

And thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thine house, and upon thy gates:

That your days may be multiplied, and the days of your children, in the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers to give them, as the days of heaven upon the earth.[137]

* * * *

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue:

And it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them; and that ye seek not after your own heart and your own eyes, after which ye use to go a whoring:

That ye may remember, and do all my commandments, and be holy unto your God.

I am the Lord your God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt, to be your God: I am the Lord your God.[138]

Following the recitation of the "Shema" the *third* lot (the incense lot) was cast in the morning, and

135/ *The Temple* p. 136. The words in brackets are regarded as later additions. 136/ Deut. 6:4-9. 137/ Deut. 11:13-21. 138/ Numb. 15:37-41.

afterwards the *fourth* lot. But as already stated only the *third*, the incense lot was cast in the evening.

Preparing to Offer the Incense

Now came the most solemn part of the entire sacrificial service.

The "incensing priest" and his two assistants (as chosen by the lot) now ascended the altar of burnt offering to the fires. One carried in a silver vessel a golden censer which he filled with incense, the other carried a golden bowl which he filled with burning coals from the incense fire on the altar. They descended from the altar, climbed the steps leading to the Holy Place, and as they entered it they struck the "Magrephah" (a large instrument) at the sound of which the priests gathered to worship from all parts of the Temple, the Levites went to their places for the song service, while the people assembled for purification were drawn up at the Nicanor Gate.

As the "incensing priest" and his assistants climbed the steps to the Holy Place, the two priests who had trimmed the lamps and arranged the incense altar, preceded them and removed, "worshipping," the vessels they had left.

The assistant with the coals from the altar fire, now arranged them on the altar; the other assistant left the incense on the altar, whereupon he retired, leaving the officiating priest alone in the Holy Place, awaiting the signal of the "president" to burn the incense.

It is believed that it was at this point in the service that the angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias and promised him the birth of a son, John, to be surnamed the Baptist.[139]

At the morning sacrifice, the incense was burned at this point in the service; but in the evening service, the sacrifice is now laid upon the fire on the altar, after which the incense is burned.

Under this ceremony, the sacrifice was carried to the altar fire and laid on the altar by the same ceremony as in the burnt-offering service already described, save that the high priest himself frequently performed this function,[140] and most probably would do so on this day of the Passover. Thus would Joseph and Jesus get a view of the high priest for they doubtless, as already pointed out, would be in the forefront of the worshipers.

Offering the Incense

Now came a time of absolute silence throughout all the Temple buildings.

After the sacrifice was placed on the altar fire, the "president" would doubtless give a signal indicating that the time for offering the incense had come, whereupon the people would withdraw from the inner court, and spread out their hands in prayer.

Then the order would be given to burn the incense, and the officiating priest would place the incense on the fire on the golden incense altar in the Holy Place, and the "odours" thereof would rise to the Lord.[141]

Prayer of the Priests and People

Thereupon, the priests and the people would offer the following (traditional) prayers:

139/ Luke 1:5 ff. 140/ *The Temple* p. 141. 141/ Rev. 5:8.

True it is that Thou art Jehovah our God, and the God of our fathers; our King and the King of our fathers; our Saviour and the Saviour of our fathers; our Maker and the Rock of our salvation; our Help and our Deliverer. Thy name is from everlasting, and there is no God beside Thee. A new song did they that were delivered sing to Thy name by the seashore; together did all praise and own Thee as King, and say, Jehovah shall reign who saveth Israel.

Be graciously pleased, Jehovah our God, with Thy people Israel, and with their prayer. Restore the service to the oracle of Thy house; and the burnt-offerings of Israel and their prayer accept graciously and in love; and let the service of thy people Israel be ever well-pleasing unto Thee.

We praise Thee, who art Jehovah our God, and the God of our fathers, the God of all flesh, our Creator, and the Creator from the beginning! Blessing and praise be to Thy great and holy name, that Thou hast preserved us in life and kept us. So preserve us and keep us, and gather the scattered ones into Thy holy courts, to keep Thy statutes, and to do Thy good pleasure, and to serve Thee with our whole heart, as this day we confess unto Thee. Blessed be the Lord, unto whom belongeth praise.

Appoint peace, goodness, and blessing; grace, mercy, and compassion for us, and for all Israel Thy people. Bless us, O our Father, all of us as one, with the light of Thy countenance. For in the light of Thy countenance hast Thou, Jehovah, our God, given us the law of life, and loving mercy, and righteousness, and blessing, and compassion, and life, and peace. And may it please Thee to bless Thy people Israel at all times, and at every hour with Thy peace. (May we and all thy people Israel be remembered and written before Thee in the book of life, with blessing and peace and support.) Blessed be Thou, Jehovah, who blessest Thy people Israel with peace.[143]

When these prayers were finished, the priest who had trimmed and lighted part of the lamps in the Holy Place, would reenter it and light the two lamps he had not lighted before.

Blessings and Responses

Then with the "incensing priest," he would take his stand on the top of the steps leading from the Court of the Priests to the Holy Place. The three others who had participated in the ceremonies in the Holy Place took places alongside them, still carrying the vessels they had used, while the rest of the officiating priests grouped themselves on the steps below. Those priests, so gathered together, now went through some mystical ceremony with uplifted hands, and one of them, probably the incensing priest, repeated, the others following him, this blessing:

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.[143]

To which the people would respond:

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting.[144]

The Meat Offerings

Following this service of blessing and prayer, the meat offering was brought, carried to the altar and, after salting, placed on the fire. Then the meat offering of the high priest (half of which had been offered in the morning) was offered; and lastly the proper drink offering (probably wine)[145] was poured out at the base of the altar.

142/ *The Temple* pp. 139-140. 143/ Numb. 6:24-26. 144/ *The Temple* p. 141. 145/ Kennedy, sub voce "Sacrifice and Offerings" § 2 (4); Gen. 35:14; Moore in *Encyclopedia Biblica*, sub voce "Sacrifice," § 35.

The Temple Music

When this was finished, then the Temple music began.

Certain priests stood on the right and left of the marble tables at the north of the altar on which the fat of the sacrifices was laid. At indicated times the priests would blow blasts from their silver trumpets. Not fewer than two nor more than one hundred and twenty could participate in this service.

The priests standing on the steps leading to the Holy Place faced the people, thus looking eastward.

The Levites were on the steps which led from the Court of Israel to the Court of the Priests. They faced the Temple to the westward, with their backs to the people.

At a signal given by the "president", the priests on the steps at the entrance to the Holy Place ranged themselves on each side of one of them who struck the cymbals.

Then the choir of the Levites began the psalm of the day. This was divided into three parts, and at the end of each part, the priests on the north of the altar blew blasts from their silver trumpets.

We do not know on which day of the week (there was a different psalm for each day) Joseph and Jesus were there. But we like to think that perhaps it was the third day of the week when they would sing the 82nd Psalm:

God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods.

How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked? Selah.

Defend the poor and fatherless: do justice to the afflicted and needy.

Deliver the poor and needy: rid them out of the hand of the wicked.

They know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness: all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the most High.

But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.

Arise, O God, judge the earth: for thou shalt inherit all nations.[146]

This closed the evening service.

The Offering of the Paschal Lamb

Now would begin the period for the offering of the Paschal lamb. It would be not far from 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon.[147]

We have said that probably Joseph and Jesus had gotten as near to the entrance of the Court of Israel (Nicanor Gate) as they could, so that they might be among the first to offer the Paschal lamb sacrifice.

By this time, the great courts of the Temple would be crowded almost to suffocation. Tens of thousands of worshipers would be there, each head of family with his lamb. Many would have been there for hours. The animal odors of all sorts must have been oppressive. The lambs, hungry, would be bleating. Relieved of the silence that had just been an incident of their worship, the people would have burst into a hum of conversation which must have swelled into a faint roar.

Again, we can but wonder what thoughts passed through the mind of the divinely begotten Youth as He saw all this, and realized, as He must, that all of it was, in some measure, symbolic of the sacrifice He Himself was to make. His mortal eyes must have been dazzled by the pomp and splendor of it all; His mortal mind could hardly have escaped

146/ Psa. 82. 147/ *The Temple* p. 190.

some confusion. But His spiritual eyes and intelligence must have looked through it all, and have seen to the very foundations of all its meanings—the Fall, the death, spiritual and temporal, the Gospel plan to redeem from the spiritual death, His own atonement to redeem from the temporal death. He knew the truth: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."[148]

Division of Worshipers Into Groups

By the rules of the Temple, the great concourse of worshipers and sacrifices would be divided into three groups, each of which must have at least thirty persons. As the Paschal services began, the first group would be admitted to the Court of the Priests, and the gates would be closed behind them.

The service began with the blowing of three blasts by the priests on their silver trumpets.

Along the Court leading to the altar, the priests stood in two rows, one row holding silver bowls, the other golden bowls. Each Israelite slew for himself, on the north side of the altar, his own lamb, and a priest caught the blood in a bowl and passed that bowl to the next priest who handed back an empty bowl, and so the blood passed to the altar, where the priest stationed there "jerked it in one jet at the base of the altar."[149]

Following this, the worshiper hung his lamb on a hook along the Court, or on staves resting on the shoulders of men (staves were not used on the Sabbath); then he skinned it, took out and cleansed the entrails, and separated the inside fat which was put in a dish, salted, and then burned on the altar.

The Hallel

While this was going on, the whole congregation, led by the Levites, joined in singing the "Hallel", which included Psalms 113 to 118. It was done thiswise: The people repeated the first line of every Psalm, and responded to others by "Hallelujah" or "Praise ye the Lord."

Thus:

The Levites began: "Hallelu Jah" (Praise ye the Lord).

The people repeated: "Hallelu Jah."

The Levites: "Praise (Hallelu), O ye servants of Jehovah."

The people responded: "Hallelu Jah."

The Levites: "Praise (Hallelu) the name of Jehovah."

The people responded: "Hallelu Jah."

Similarly, when Psa. cxiii had been finished—Psa. cxiv:

The Levites: "When Israel went out of Egypt."

The people repeated: "When Israel went out of Egypt."

The Levites: "The house of Jacob from a people of strange language."

The people responded: "Hallelu Jah."

And in the same manner, repeating each first line and responding at the rest, till they came to Psa. cxviii., when, besides the first, these three lines were also repeated by the people (verses 25, 26):

"Save now, I beseech Thee, Jehovah.

"Oh, Jehovah, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity"; and

"Blessed be He that cometh in the name of Jehovah."[150]

If the "Hallel" was sung through before one division of sacrificers had finished, it was repeated.

The sacrifice was completed with the placing of the fat on the altar.

148/ I Cor. 15:22. 149/ *The Temple* p. 191. 150/ *The Temple* pp. 191-192; Moulton in Hastings *Bible Dictionary*, sub voce "Passover" § III.

The division was then dismissed and each worshiper carried to his own quarters the lamb he had with his own hands slain.

So Joseph and Jesus, tired after a long day of standing on the marble pavement of the Temple—it would be particularly wearisome for country folk—and laden with the lamb for the evening Paschal supper (which Joseph would carry on his shoulder)[151] would prepare to wend their way through the city streets, and it may be out into the country, back to where were Mary and the friends with whom they would later eat the Paschal meal.

(*To be continued*)

151/ *The Temple* p. 195.

THE HEART MUST KNEEL

Anna Prince Redd

They say that time, and time alone, can heal
The heart. The words were better left unsaid.
When days have gone—the weeks and months that led
To years—they still but mock the grief we feel,
For every day serves only to reveal
Their emptiness. When one we love is dead,
The mind, grown numb from loss, untenanted
By faith, is locked within its own bastile.

We who would smile again must find belief
In God, for time alone does not repair
The wound of death. Death is the counterpart
Of life. Assured of this, we know that grief
Is but prolonged that does not bow in prayer.
Not time, but God and love, can heal the heart.

We're Not So Different

Christie Lund Coles

Second Prize Story, Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

SUE Landon lifted a pile of filmy nighties from her cedar chest. They were special nighties that she had been putting away in her trousseau, and they gave off the fragrance of sachet as she lay them, with trembling fingers, in her overnight bag. She could choose one of them later. Now, she must hurry.

Actually, she had plenty of time, Nickey wouldn't be here for her until eight. Yet, she felt breathless as though she had been running up a steep hill, as though she wanted to be out of this room and this house. Everything was too quiet, she thought too much, and she didn't want to think . . . not of anything except Nickey and the way he had looked at her this afternoon. It seemed a long time ago that she had come down the steps of the Parks Building to find him waiting for her in his jallope, "Asthmatic Sue." . . .

"Hi!" he greeted her. "Wouldn't be going my way by any chance?"

"And which way is your way?" she countered, archly.

"Why, my way is your way *always*," he assured her, his voice serious all of a sudden, his eyes thoughtful and without the laughter lights she had come to associate with them.

"What's on your mind?" she asked, handing him her books and climbing in beside him.

"Nothing much. I passed my physical. And I made the air corps."

CHRISTIE LUND COLES

"Then, why the glumness? I thought they'd put you in 5-Z. You should be thrilled to death. I am."

They were driving now and he was making a turn. He did not look at her as he said, softly, "Are you?"

"Of course. Isn't that what you wanted?" Then, anxiously, "Nickey, what is it?"

"In about a week from today I'll be leaving here. I'll be leaving you. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

She looked at him, sharply, "Oh Nickey, Nickey. You know it does. But we knew it was coming."

He drove in silence until they reached a quiet street east of the

city. Then he stopped the car, turned to her, an urgency in his look and voice that she had never seen there before. He said, "I love you, Sue. You know that, don't you? I can't just go away and leave you here . . . not knowing if I will ever see you again. Not knowing that you are mine."

"I thought we had talked this over before and decided it was better to wait," she began slowly, "I thought . . ."

"Oh, I know what we said, that we were young, that I didn't want you to be tied to me in case I came back bunged up, that I wouldn't take a chance on leaving you to raise a child alone. I know it all. But it doesn't mean anything now. The only thing that means anything is that I'm going and that I love you . . . I want you."

"But it takes time to get married . . . right. There's the health certificate. There's seeing the bishop, getting ready."

"But I don't want to take time. I want this last week to be ours. We can be married over the line without a health certificate. We can have the fuss later . . . when I come back. But now, well, there just isn't time."

Suddenly his arm was about her, his lips were against her blonde smooth hair, "Sue, Sue darling," he was whispering, "please say yes."

It was like a tidal wave engulfing her, bearing her beyond her depth, making her forget reason. She told him swiftly, "Yes. Yes, Nickey."

Now, as Sue whirled about to take her cosmetic kit from her dresser drawer, her eyes were drawn to the picture of her mother on the dresser, smiling at her in silence and in gentleness.

For just a moment, she felt sick in the pit of her stomach. Then, lifting her head high, she turned the face before her toward the wall and proceeded quickly to take hose, hankies, perfume, from their particular boxes.

After all, the fact that mother sent dad away without anything but the promise to wait for him didn't prove anything. Things were different then, people were different, they believed the world would always be the same. But she and Nickey didn't . . . they knew how fast things were going, they knew that the world they knew might never survive this . . . this mess. They had a right to whatever happiness they could snatch from life. They had a right to do things their way. Mother had told her often, "If I couldn't have it right, I didn't want it." And once, Sue had protested, "Yes, but weren't you being selfish? What about him? He might not have come back . . ."

"Ah, but he wanted it right, too," her mother had assured her. "Your father is like that. And if he hadn't come back . . . well, memories with a core of bitterness and regret aren't much better than none."

"Right!" Who could say what was right now when everything was going so wrong. And there wouldn't be any regret for Nickey and her. There would only be love and tenderness. A whole week of it.

She closed her eyes and thought of his face, the dark wave in his hair where she would love tangling her fingers, eyes soft and warm as velvet;

his mouth . . . firm but gentle. Everything else was blotted out but the thought of him.

After a moment, she knelt to clip the locks on her bag, thinking, as she did so, how simple it had been to tell mother that this was a house party at his sister's place down south where she had been before. Yes, it had been surprisingly simple considering that she had never lied to mom before.

It was not simple, though, to walk out of the house, kiss her and dad good-by casually, while she knew that she would never return here as the little girl she had been to them.

BUT the night was something dreamed up . . . silver and cool, and shadowy and fragrant. The ride through the country was something to remember always. Nickey understood, for he drew her against his shoulder to say, "Gee, honey, nature certainly gave us a nice setting." And then, after a moment, "You're not sorry?"

"No," she whispered, hoarsely, "no . . .are you?"

"I suppose not," he answered a little absently and she wondered briefly about his words, would have questioned them but a young faun ran across the road and their attention was drawn from themselves. When he spoke again it was to say, "Nice night for a wedding."

Her brief laughter tinkled the air as she sighed, "You can say that again."

Pulling her ear playfully, he asked, "How about this—I love you?"

"Oh, that? Well, you can leave that record running . . . Sunday, Monday, and always."

They drove on in silence. There was only the whish of the tires going over the cement, faster and faster . . . .

WHEN she was inside the rather shabby little hotel room which he had taken so that she might freshen up, she took off her hat and gloves, set her bag on the bench and automatically opened it. She was conscious of the fierce thudding of her heart as she did so, conscious of her hands being icy cold though there was perspiration on them.

Her fingers touched the folds of softness within. As she did so, she had the queer sensation that there was someone in the room with her, standing beside her. But it was only imagination, she assured herself . . . childish, stupid imagination. It was her mind playing tricks. But no, it couldn't be. It was more than that. It was something else, something . . . she knew. It was the sachet. Mignonette. It had brought her mother into the room because it was as much associated with her as her smile or her touch. One of her first recollections of momsie was that sweet, lovely fragrance.

And oh, the thousand and one memories that had been made more unforgettable by that scent, warm and alive. One day, in particular, came back to her now. The day the two of them had gone into the attic and mom had told her about her wedding. She had taken her wedding dress out of the tissue paper, had shaken the yards and yards of white satin before her, telling her laughingly, "This is for you when

you marry. It took weeks of sewing and planning to make it into this thing of perfection."

Sue had stared entranced, wrapped round by the sweetness of the sachet perfume. "Oh, it's lovely. Tell me about your wedding. It must have been elegant."

Her mother's gentle dark eyes were misted and had a faraway look in them as she told her about the sacred rites—the feeling of exaltation and pure joy she had known. She told her about the reception later, the gifts, the music, the friends. "There is nothing in a lifetime like it. Nothing."

Sue had sniffed the air, saying, "That scent will remind me of you . . . and of this day . . . forever."

Mom had squeezed her, saying, "Then I shall put bags and bags of it in all your things so that when you are married and gone from me you can't possibly forget . . ."

All in a moment, Sue didn't want to be here, sneaking, lying, shutting her mother and her father out. She wanted them here. Wanted to see the little laugh lines around her mother's eyes, the deeper lines about her mouth that spoke of sorrows borne, of troubles overcome, temptations, too, maybe. Temptations to be hasty, to hurt those who loved her. Once she had said to Sue, "Whatever happens to you, try to remember that the same thing might have happened to me, or might happen to your child. We're not so different."

* * *

Getting up, she switched off the light and walked to the window. The moon was whiter now and the stars shimmered against the sky. How many years they had shone down like this. How many thousands of years. How could she and Nickey have supposed that there wouldn't be time enough, or that waiting for each other would be a waste . . . .

When she opened the door to Nickey's knock, her plaid coat was thrown across her shoulders again, her felt hat in her icy fingers.

"All set, hon?" he asked, smiling.

She shook her head, "I'm sorry, Nickey dear. But I can't go through with it. Oh, Nickey darling, you'll think I'm silly but some day my daughter is going to ask me about my wedding, is going to ask to see my wedding dress." She wiped her eyes, "I'm sorry, but I just can't bear being married by a Justice of the Peace."

He put his hands on her shoulders and she felt the fingers press through her coat into her flesh, as he said, hoarsely, "Gee, I don't know what to say, but I think . . . I think you've got something there. Only you should say our daughter."

As he picked up her bag, his eyes had their old familiar twinkle. He said, "Remind me that tomorrow I've got to see a bishop about a marriage."

HAPPINESS THROUGH FRIENDSHIP

Of all the means to insure happiness throughout the whole of life, by far the most important is the acquisition of friends.—*Epicurus.*

The Poet Has A Birthday

Anna B. Hart

Member of Relief Society General Board

The February-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care
If they the pearl will wear.

—Anon

LONGFELLOW, Lowell, and Lanier chose the birthday month of Washington and Lincoln. God saw that it was fitting to send poets to help ease each troubled era. These three he sent in February. Let us think of these and all poets who can give inspiration to their countries during times of peace and crises.

Poets represent our highest thinking; poets inspire us; reveal beauty; give us the messages of worth in a compact form. Poets hold "enshrined in beauty, the tokens of our highest faith."

In times that try the souls of men, we need more than material aid. During these periods of crises, men mingle in workshops and armies, yet, they find need for moments of meditation, for time to aspire.

Leaders of nations are often nurtured by poetry. No nation was ever "fused into unity without the aid of the arts." A little more than a century ago, when Europe and England were fearing Napoleon, the poet Wordsworth wrote:

'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good.

A brief glimpse should be taken into the lives of our three poets. Now Henry Wadsworth Longfellow made his appearance during the first national period, and helped to awaken our country. It was fitting that Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in one of his greatest messages of hope and faith, used a quotation from Longfellow, which was sent to him by the President of the United States:

. . . sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

It is good to pause and review the life of our beloved Longfellow, the only American poet to be honored by having his bust placed in the Poets' Corner of great Westminster Abbey.

Our poet was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, in an old square wooden house upon the edge of the rugged coast. Into a New England of living pines, he came, where interest was eager in staking out the future of a new country. Along with the shaping of New England's political independence, she was also shaping her cultural independence. It is said that Longfellow was the George Washington of this second and "bloodless cultural Revolution in America," this "Golden Age of American Literature."

He came rightfully to his place from a line of distinguished ancestors, Revolutionary War heroes, a judge, a presidential elector, passen-

gers of the Mayflower—from the very top of the social cream of New England.

His education was aristocratic like his birth. At eighteen, he said that the only women he met were "something to be enshrined and holy—to be gazed at and talked with, and nothing further." He attended balls but never danced except with the older ladies, "to whom the attention might give pleasure."

It is not surprising to know that the chair of modern languages at Bowdoin was offered to him upon his graduation, provided he traveled through Europe. He had been reared in a home of books and cultural atmosphere, and had begun to write poetry at an early age. He toured Spain, Italy, and Germany. On his return, a full professorship was offered him.

He was only twenty-two at the time. With poetical ardor he asked Miss Potter to become his wife. Now he wanted to help build the soul of American culture, and help to create an American literature for America. More honors came to him. The chair of modern languages at Harvard became his.

On his second European journey, which he took to prepare himself for the new honor, he was accompanied by his wife, who was proud to be loved and toasted as the wife of the brilliant young professor. But tragedy came to him one Sunday morning in Rotterdam when his beloved Mary died. He "sealed his unutterable emotion under a mask of cheerful composure," and plunged into his studies.

The years as professor of modern languages at Harvard, the experience of living in the famous Craigie House in the very room that was General Washington's chamber, the hours spent at the ronnd table with his scholars, all were rich to him.

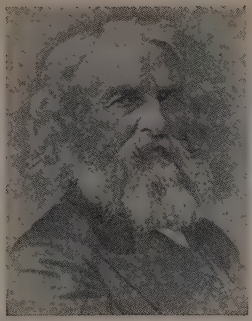
He was a favorite with all, young and old alike. "Dressed in his blue frock coat of Parisian cut, his handsome waistcoat, his faultless pantaloons and his primrose kids," he was one of the most charming young men of New England.

It is not surprising that he finally selected a charming, intelligent woman to share his home again. For their wedding gift, the young man's father gave them the deed to the famous Craigie House. Life was good again.

The desire to write poetry pressed him. Once he said about his college work, "This college work is like a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre." Finally, he requested his retirement from the faculty, and wore his academic gown for the last time on commencement day.

Now he had the time to write. To Longfellow it seemed as natural to build American tales out of her own folklore as to build homes out of her native pine. He was the poet of home, of peace. But again sorrow came to his heart. Mrs. Longfellow was curling her children's hair with an iron heated at a wax candle, when her dress caught fire, and within an instant she was a mass of flames. The following day she died. "I was too happy," Longfellow moaned as he walked through Craigie House from room to room. Later in his life, he wrote in his poem "The Cross of Snow":

There is a mountain in the distant west
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL SIDNEY LANIER

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Displays a cross of snow upon its side,
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

Years passed but he did not lose his power to sing. The rendering of Dante's *Divine Comedy* into English verse gave him great satisfaction. Later when he paid a final visit to Europe, he was received as no other American before him had been received. When he called at the palace of Queen Victoria, the servants hid behind the curtains to "catch a glimpse of the venerable man whose face was fringed with silver-white hair and beard."

On the fiftieth anniversary of his class at Bowdoin College, he came among his old schoolmates and read them a poem for the occasion in a voice . . . failing. He gave a challenge to death:

"We who are about to die salute you"
—unafraid.

Ever since 1839, when he published *Voices of the Night* containing "Psalm of Life" and other pieces adapted to the spiritual aspirations, he had been esteemed. "The Village Blacksmith" and "Excelsior" had helped to make him popular in his earlier volumes. From his more critical readers he won favor with such excellent ballads as "The Skeleton in Armor." "Evangeline," in 1847, set the seal upon his popularity. The typically American *Courtship of Miles Standish*, and *Tales of a Wayside Inn* show us this gift as a storyteller in verse. He gave us many reflective lyrics such as "The Day is Done" and "The Bridge." His numerous translations, his religious poetry, the sonnets and all, are too numerous to mention.

WE must proceed with a few observations concerning our other poets. James Russell Lowell was the poet born on February 22, 1819, the birthday of the most distinguished of all Americans. No wonder that he lauded Washington:

Broad-minded, higher-souled,
there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and
all men's - Washington.

Lowell, also, was descended from long lines of illustrious New Englanders. With Longfellow, he belonged to the first national period—the awakening period of New England.

He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a stately old mansion, one of the finest in the neighborhood. He received his early education in Cambridge and, in 1838, he was graduated from Harvard, where his father, grandfather, and others of the family had graduated before him. After graduation, he studied law and was admitted to the bar. This was not a profitable pursuit for him, however. The writing of verses was more delightful. Charming Maria White became his wife in 1844, and influenced the whole course of his life. Lowell's interests were varied and his capacities abundant. He shared his great gifts with chance acquaintances so freely that one wondered what he saved for more intimate friends. No one could long be with the poet without feeling his fine reserve, and appreciating his humor. No one could long be with the poet without recognizing that "he was in the presence of a character which combined the unflinching earnestness of the Puritan with the mellowness of a man of the great world."

It was Lowell who made the harsh and uncouth Yankee dialect into admirable humorous satire of mixed poetry and prose in *The Biglow Papers*. He wrote many poems and essays on the burning questions of his day, notably the slavery question. He was the one great literary critic of his time.

He is known for such poems as "The Vision of Sir Launfal", a spiritual experience about which he said, "Maria thinks very highly of it."

Some of Lowell's very finest poems have trees for their themes, and he appears to entertain a strong love for the "leafy patriarchs beneath whose branches he had played in his boyhood." Many are his poems of friendship, and of war; poems lauding his Country, poems of humor and satire, and his sonnets. It may be fitting to quote a tribute to Lincoln, from Lowell's "Commemoration Ode":

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;

These are all gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly earnest, brave, forseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

THE last of our group, Sidney Lanier, was born during the second national period, in Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842. In contrast to the lives of Longfellow and Lowell, Lanier's short life was a struggle with adverse circumstances—war, poverty, and ill health.

We wonder what he might have accomplished with the environment and such opportunities as Longfellow and Lowell had. What he did accomplish, however, shows him "to be of heroic mold, a really great soul."

Lanier early discovered his genius for music. He had been graduated from Oglethorpe College and was teaching in that institution before

the Civil War broke out. While acting as signal officer on a blockade-runner, on the Southern side, he was captured. At the end of the war he was released, returning to Georgia on foot accompanied only by his beloved flute. His sufferings, however, had ruined his health, and he soon became ill with consumption. His life could now only be prolonged and he wanted to make the most of it. He made his reputation as poet and critic in 1877, with a volume of verse, *The Science of English Verse*. His literary and musical work was done chiefly in Baltimore. There, he played the flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts, gave lectures before the Johns Hopkins University and gave lectures to private classes. He made visits to the North, and was obliged to travel in the South and West in search of health.

In the life of Sidney Lanier, music and poetry were inseparably connected. "An excellent musician, he found the magic of making his verses sing with a sweetness that belongs rather to music than to poetry." He practiced three arts, for his poetry is full of color, and he "puts the painter's eye and the musician's ear at the service of poetry."

We feel the singing quality in his "Song of the Chattahoochee":

Downward, the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
Thy dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

In "The Marshes of Glynn" the poet portrays to us a realization of the deep beauty of life and the greatness of God.

"The Revenge of Hamish" is one of his exquisite ballads showing the penalty for human tyranny over a fellow being. "The Symphony" and other poems reveal Lanier as a man too large to be the spokesman of any section or time. His poems, such as "Sunrise," one of the highest visions of Lanier, and "Corn," suggest in their stately development the symphony. His fame, however, is confined more and more to a few affectionately remembered short pieces like "Ballad of Trees and the Master."

Much he accomplished in less than ten years, a time often interrupted by illness, while he also supported his family.

From "The Centennial Meditation of Columbia", a cantata, Sidney Lanier gives a tribute to our dear Land:

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

Scarcely can we study separately, Lanier the man, the musician or the poet. The last lines of his "Life and Song" express an ideal which he closely approached:

His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand!

The birthdays will soon be past, but we have remembered to pause for Longfellow—the "best known and best loved" American poet, he who loved the home and childhood, who loved brotherhood and old-

time love, who could reach hearts at home and in distant lands, and who loved his America. We have glimpsed into the life of Lowell—the poet "with an imagination in which human experience and personal emotion are fused in a high ideal," the companionable man, with a frank and generous nature which could "make its own sunshine," the scholar, the literary critic, the essayist, teacher, diplomat, letter writer, and humorist.

We have recalled the life of Lanier, the Southern singer of exquisite lyrics, the musician, the poet who possessed an undefeated brave spirit.

Longfellow, Lowell, and Lanier chose this month of famous birthdays!

LINCOLN AND THE MORMON QUESTION

"ON the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office as President of the United States. He was regarded as a friend by the people of Utah, and they much esteemed him. When asked as to the policy he proposed pursuing in relation to the Saints, he replied: 'I propose to let them alone,' illustrating his idea by comparing the Mormon question to a knotty, green hemlock log on a newly cleared frontier farm. The log being too heavy to remove, too knotty to split, and too wet to burn, he proposed, like a wise farmer, to 'plow around it.' "—Orson F. Whitney, *History of Utah*, Vol. II, pp. 23-24.

SALT LAKE CITY OBSERVANCE OF THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

"UPON the reception of the horrifying intelligence that President Lincoln had been assassinated, throughout the city business was generally suspended, flags were draped in mourning at half mast, stores and other public buildings were closed and craped, the management of the Theater announced that the bill for Saturday evening was postponed to Monday, and deep gloom palpably rested upon the minds of the citizens. On Sunday the stand and organ in the Tabernacle were clad in habiliments of woe, as were also many of the congregation, and Elders W. Woodruff, F. D. Richards and George Q. Cannon delivered feeling and appropriate addresses upon the solemn occasion.

* * * *

"At noon on Wednesday, April 19th, the day of President Lincoln's interment, solemn public services were held at the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. . . . Fully three thousand people attended the services, the Tabernacle, [the old Tabernacle] the interior of which was suitably hung with black, being filled to overflowing."—*Ibid.* pp. 119, 120.

A Bride Goes West

Julia Alleman Caine

Note: With "A Bride Goes West," the *Magazine* presents to its readers the second in a series of historical sketches by Julia Alleman Caine. The first sketch, "A Pioneer Homemaker," was published in the August 1943 issue of the *Magazine*. Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, the heroine of "A Bride Goes West," has been called "the noblest pioneer woman of the West," and the "angel of Oregon."

"TOMORROW is my wedding day," sang the heart of the beautiful Narcissa. The blue eyes burned with happiness and the busy hands lifted dainty garments from the old chest and laid them on the canopied bed. Sometimes the hands lingered a moment over a treasured piece of linen but put it aside, for tomorrow meant a new life—a life far removed from dainty clothes and treasured linen. A life that meant hard work, plain clothes, and a mission house for a home.

The sinking sun lingered on the golden hair of the girl as the blue eyes took on a faraway look. The walls of the bedroom disappeared and she felt again the soft wind in the apple orchard as she had felt it last spring when she read the appeal in the missionary paper. White blossoms had drifted down and the hush of a late Sunday afternoon had covered the land when the sentences caught her eye, "My people sent me to get the white man's Book from heaven. I am going back the long trail and the sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with the burden of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the Book is not among them. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book to make the way plain." Surely such an appeal must be answered, and Narcissa, who had dreamed of carrying the Bible to far-off lands, felt again the thrill she had experienced when she wrote the Missionary Society and volunteered to go to the Nez Percè and Flathead peoples. After many weeks had come the answer, that the Society could not send "unmarried females" into the West. Here her thoughts were interrupted as the sound of a quiet deep voice came up from below, and the bedroom again became the scene of her busy work.

The voice belonged to Dr. Marcus Whitman, the man who had made her dream possible. "Tomorrow is my wedding day," echoed her thoughts. . . . She was going West with her Marcus to take the Indian lads, Richard and John, back to their people; to bring the white man's Book to the people in darkness. These desires were to be realized! Now the hands were no longer slow. The lovely linens were quickly piled on the bed for the younger sisters, and Narcissa turned with resolution to her packing.

One beloved thing she could take, the dear little trunk that Harriet had given her. It would bring back thoughts of this very bedroom. She carefully filled it with books and the

few simple clothes that Marcus said they could carry. A strange dowry for a bride!

The next day was a cold February Sunday of 1836, and that evening the church was filled with friends of Narcissa and of Marcus who had so lately come into the village. The pastor spoke feelingly of the joy of service and at the end of the short sermon, the bride and groom came forward to listen to the sacred vows of the Presbyterian marriage service. The deep sincere tones of Narcissa as she vowed "I do" caused the eyes of her friends to fill with tears. The church members then joined in singing a familiar hymn; but before it was finished only the clear voice of the happy bride could be heard as she sang:

> Yes, my native land, I love thee,
> All thy scenes I love them well;
> Friends, connections, happy country
> Can I bid you all farewell?

The roads of New York State were still frozen when the young couple packed their goods into a sleigh and started for the canal in Pennsylvania that would carry them to the Ohio. The farewells were sad, for Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss felt that probably their beloved Narcissa would never return; yet they looked at the joy in the eyes of the two Indian boys, tucked under the heavy robes, and were sure that the Whitmans had chosen the right way.

THE Ohio was finally reached and a steamboat race on the old woodburner, Siam, provided plenty of thrills. The March winds were still cold when the Mississippi was reached. The splendor of the steamboat, Majestic, awed the girl, so unused to river travel. The cabins were elaborately furnished and the tables loaded with foods, and servants stood ready to supply all one's needs. The thoughtful Narcissa began to wonder if her friends had not been overly cautious when they worried about her.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, also recently married, had joined them at Cincinnati, and the two brides talked happily of the life to come among the Indians. The journey up the muddy Missouri was filled with the adventures incident to early steamboat travel. Sand bars were encountered and at one spot the boat was held fast for some hours. The missionaries became anxious, for time was short and they feared the American Fur Company's caravan would leave them.

At Liberty, their fears were realized —the Fur Company's caravan had left, and the two missionaries realized that their little band of three men (a layman, W. H. Gray, had joined the party), two women, and two Indian boys must set out alone. Quickly they packed the two wagons with their clothes, books, tools, seeds, and the striped tent. Now began a forced journey that carried them across what is now Missouri and far into Nebraska, with the Platte River as their only guide. They had to hurry, for the Indians they were going so far to teach were hostile in the land just ahead; for they had not known the Book. At last, far up the Platte, Fitzpatrick and his men were overtaken and then they had the protection of the Fur Company caravan which had disapproved so much of taking women along.

The days became warmer and

when it was considered safe, the missionaries made a camp at noon and erected a shade, with the horse blankets and poles, to refresh the tired women. Then they would be off again—a long straggling company with the cattle ahead, the wagons of the Fur Company next, and finally the missionaries. At night, Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman erected a conical-shaped tent of striped ticking, spread down the rubber sheet and piled the blankets on for a bed. Meanwhile, Narcissa prepared the simple meal of dried buffalo meat. They lived on this diet for weeks and one night Narcissa dreamed of smelling fresh bread baking in her mother's kitchen. When daylight came and the journey was resumed she resolved never to waste another crust of bread.

Now the mountains towered over them and the men from the Fur Company grew restless and pushed faster, for the Rendezvous was near. South Pass was reached and the grateful Whitmans fell on their knees to thank God for their safety.

In July, they reached the Green River, and were greeted by a wild band of Indians and whites who rushed upon them shooting their long rifles and riding round and round the caravan. How frightened the women were until a white face leaned off a horse to gasp, "Women." They were escorted into the camp in state and an old trapper, overjoyed at the idea that this was now American soil, expressed the idea of the camp, "They cannot send these women out of the country. They have come to stay."

An English trading company came to the Rendezvous and the missionaries joined them for the last part of the journey to the Columbia. Now began the real trial over mountains, across rivers and broad valleys strewn with boulders of lava rock. How could these inexperienced people hope to carry a wagon to Oregon?

Many times the wagon did overturn and the goods had to be reloaded. Rafts turned over in the river and the men and the Indian boys swam back and forth to bring the baggage across. What an adventure it was for the women to be placed in a crude skin canoe and be towed across by their faithful Indian boys. But the thrill of adventure must have palled as days became hotter and Fort Hall still seemed miles away. The wagon broke and became a two-wheeled cart and the Indian who had been traveling with them threatened to leave for fear of the dreaded Blackfeet. At last, the Fort was reached, Narcissa rejoiced to eat turnips and fried bread. Home with its luxuries was a long way off, but the Fort had stools to sit upon and the Walla Walla River was only twenty-one days distant. Now the crooked Snake River became the guide and the wide valley relieved the eyes of the tired girl who had grown so weary of mountains. The sands burned the feet of the two white women and the black lava rock cut their shoes as they blazed a trail for their sisters to follow.

The cart began to show signs of breaking down and the little company questioned whether they could quite reach the Columbia with it unless the load was lightened. What could be left? Narcissa was heartsick when she realized it was to be her little trunk, for seeds and tools

must go on. The little trunk would be left behind to rust on the banks of the Snake River and Narcissa prepared to say good-by to it; but an English trader was kind and offered to carry it to Fort Boise.

The travelers now met Indians on every side. The Indians were curious and stared at the white women who were so anxious to watch them cook food and play with the Indian babies. The Cayuse Indians showed the women how to prepare roots by cooking them over heated stones.

Now mountains loomed ahead and although the missionaries had rested at Fort Boise where the women had done their washing in the stream, the little party was forced to travel more slowly. The river had to be crossed and recrossed; each time the cattle were led by the Indian boys swimming beside one of the horses that was a natural leader. The cart had been left at Fort Boise; but the trail that far had proved to be open to caravan travel. And now at last from a high peak they caught sight of the Columbia!

What deep emotions of joy must have filled the hearts of Narcissa and Marcus as they glimpsed the country where their new life together would be spent. Soon the little company came to the gardens near Fort Walla Walla. The garden of familiar homey vegetables relieved their tired eyes as they neared the Fort where armchairs seemed the greatest of luxuries. The first meal offered an astounding variety of salmon, potatoes, bread, and butter. They were in civilization again.

On Sunday, they held a church service at the Fort and the Indians they had come so far to help, gathered around. The prayer, in which the devout Dr. Whitman rededicated his life to service was echoed in all the hearts of the little band who were now home at last.

Narcissa played with the Flathead babies. A proud Indian mother brought her baby to show how the little head was bound to a board padded with a squirrel skin; on the forehead was the little cushioned pad and a tight bandage secured the head to the board for three or four months until a fashionable shape was attained!

Many miles down the river from the Fort, so they could live nearer to their beloved Indians, Marcus and Narcissa built their home. The first winter was spent in a log cabin heated by a huge fireplace and with blankets for doors. The house faced the broad Walla Walla where two branches of the river joined, and was situated on a wide meadow surrounded by trees.

Here, in March 1837, little Alice Clarissa was born and the Whitman home was complete. An Indian squaw was the nurse and Indians visited the cabin each day to marvel at the white child. Her clothes seemed strange and the Cayuse mothers urged Narcissa to tie the little one to the board quickly. Later they brought a te-cach or cradle for the little stranger.

The Oregon at last had a real American mission and a center for the friendly Indians who came with all their aches and pains to be doctored. Fast friends were made by the Whitmans but if the white man's medicine failed to take effect immediately, the superstitious Cayuse

(*Continued on page 102*)

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

SELFLESS, unmercenary Nurse Kenny at fourteen was worried about her young brother's lack of muscular development. She read everything available on muscles and set up a dummy with a muscular system of ropes and pulleys for experimentation. She turned Bill into a husky young man who was decorated in the last war. Later, she declined marriage in order to mother humanity. Her treatment of infantile paralysis was diametrically opposed to current medical practice which placed the affected parts in splints or casts for a complete rest. She thought this treatment inconsistent, as the muscle-spasms caused shortening which in turn caused deformity. The technique which Nurse Kenny sponsors today consists in using hot fomentations, and, by skilled handling, she teaches the muscles their former behavior-pattern. She also teaches them their path to the brain, which has usually become lost when the muscles tried to work under acute suffering. Students work with her two years to acquire her method. She is accomplishing miracles.

HERE are some books, written for the young, but equally interesting to adults, which will help to widen our horizons: *The Welcome*, by Babette Deutsch (Harper's), which is a story of an American boy's growth in understanding through his acquaintance with a boy refugee; *They Came From France*, by Clara I. Judson (Junior Literary Guild, New York, and Houghton Mifflin); *Hosh-ki the Navajo*, by Florence Hayes (Random House), a book rich in Indian background; *The White Stag*, by Kate Seredy (Viking Press), a beautifully written story of Hungary's legendary history.

ON October 19, 1943, Fannie C. Harper, wife of the late John C. Harper of Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, celebrated her eightieth anniversary by giving a recital to an appreciative audience that filled the Ivins Hall to capacity.

The recital consisted of the presentation of a choice selection of poems and favorite passages of Scripture that Mrs. Harper had memorized at various times throughout her life. Mrs. Harper has lived in Colonia Juarez for more than fifty years, and for thirty-four years she has been a widow. She has made an independent and comfortable living from keeping an open house both for regular boarders and transient travelers.

IN the United States, in 1942, there were 9,200,000 accidents and 93,000 deaths. Of these, 4,600,000 were home accidents with 30,000 deaths. The Parent-Teacher Association has pamphlets which every woman should possess, discussing methods of increasing safety at home and in the streets. Application should be made at the organization centers.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 31 FEBRUARY 1944 NO. 2

The Exercise of Religious Liberty

RELIGIOUS liberty, a principle which recognizes the God-given right of each man to his religious views as well as his right to practice the same, has always been cherished by Christian people. Christianity recognizes the dignity and worth of the individual, and grants to every man his free agency in religious as well as other matters. It teaches that man is a child of the living God, by nature a spiritual as well as a physical being, with a high and glorious destiny. Through Christ, the Father gave a plan whereby man might attain that destiny, but within the plan was no element of force. President Brigham Young in a discourse delivered July 5, 1855, in reference to the free agency of man said: "Man is made in the likeness of his Creator, the great archetype of the human species, who bestowed upon him the principles of eternity, planting immortality within him, and leaving him at liberty to act in the way that seemeth good unto him—to choose or refuse for himself, to be a Latter-day Saint, or a Wesleyan Methodist, to belong to the Church of England, the oldest daughter of the Mother Church, to the old Mother herself, to her sister the Greek church, or to be an infidel and belong to no church."

America, a Christian nation, extends to its people religious liberty—the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. Thomas Jefferson expressed the American concept when he said: "Religion is regarded as a matter which lies solely between man and his God; he owes account to none other for his faith or his worship." The sacred right of religious liberty was safeguarded the American people by the Constitutional Fathers when, being divinely led, they created a structure of government, with a body of laws controlling it, whereby a maximum of freedom and liberty to the individual might be assured. Into the Bill of Rights was written the guarantee of freedom of worship.

So strong is the belief of Americans in religious liberty that anything which impinges upon it in the slightest degree arouses bitter resentment. The persecutions during the last decade of religionists of all persuasions —Jews, Protestants, and Catholics— in a number of countries outside the United States, have been viewed as unjust, cruel, tyrannical. Indeed, the fact that religious liberty has been suppressed and religious groups persecuted makes war seem entirely justified in the minds of many persons.

To Latter-day Saints, who have known religious persecution, the curtailment of religious freedom seems particularly unjust. The Latter-day Saint conception of religious liberty is a lofty one and there is nothing

we would more quickly defend than our religious rights. This is as it should be, because the Father has given us the true Gospel of Christ embodying the doctrine of free agency, and has commissioned us to establish His kingdom upon the earth—a commission we could not fulfill were people denied religious choice.

We do not hesitate to acknowledge religious liberty as one of our greatest blessings, nor would we hesitate to make any sacrifice, however great, to preserve it. But are we as ready to take advantage of the everyday privileges which our religious liberty guarantees—attendance at Sacrament, Priesthood, and auxiliary meetings; the free use of the Scriptures, the right to proselyte, the right to build temples and houses of worship; yes, even the right to contribute financially to the support of the Church that its work may go forward?

It is one thing to have a right, but quite another thing to exercise it. Do we sufficiently value our right to worship, to go each Sunday to the house of worship and partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper? Or are we content to know that we can go if we care to do so—yet choose to stay at home and rest? Do we sufficiently value the right to read and interpret the Scriptures in our own way so that we make use of this right? Or do these Sacred Books remain, week after week, unopened in our bookcases?

Any liberty is of value to an individual only to the extent that he makes use of it. The more he makes use of it, the greater becomes its value to him.

This coming Sunday will you make use of the religious freedom which you possess by attending Sacrament meeting? During the coming year will your appreciation of the right to the free use of the Scriptures find expression through your frequent study of them? Will you recognize as a blessed privilege, rather than an arduous duty, your opportunities to work in the Church and to worship the Father in peace in church assemblies?

These, after all, are the privileges of religious freedom. This is the meaning of liberty as applied to religion—that sacred principle taught us by the Father and guaranteed us by our Constitution.—B.S.S.

THE SABBATH

Della Adams Leitner

May the holy Sabbath's dawning
Find us mindful of the day;
May we thank the Heavenly Father
For this quiet, restful way
We can feel His presence nearer,
Putting striving thoughts aside,
Gaining strength and deeper wisdom
For the "things that shall abide."

Mindful, too, His call is for us
In the work He has designed,
Helping in the sacred duties
For the Sabbath day assigned.
We can consecrate our efforts,
He will bring the rich increase,
And the day will yield its blessings—
Rest and joy and added peace.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Women Urged to Take Advantage of Red Cross Classes

THE General Board recommends that Relief Society women take advantage of Red Cross classes in home nursing which are provided in their communities, or which may be arranged for. These courses are highly recommended as being valuable to Relief Society women in the care of their own families. This training is particularly desirable at this time because of the possibility of epidemic and because nursing service for civilians is being greatly curtailed. No charge is made for this instruction, and there are no age limitations nor other restrictions. All women able to attend such classes which now are, or may be, available to them in their communities, are urged to do so.

Primary Association to Promote Creative Activities

THE following announcement by the Primary Association is of interest to Relief Society women having children of Primary age. Relief Society women have always been interested in the development of creative abilities, recognizing that creative work is a challenge and a delight to the individual performing it and a source of much joy to others. Any program designed to develop the creative talents of our children should enlist the support of Relief Society women:

During the coming year it is the plan of the Primary organization to promote creative activity in the fields of writing, drawing, painting, clay modeling, wood and soap carving, and other media chosen by the child. The best of this work will be described or published in *The Children's Friend*. A photograph and description may be submitted if it is not feasible to send the actual article. In the writing field it is suggested that children write short, simple stories, personal adventures, poems, or short talks such as are given in Sunday School.

The following are the rules regarding material submitted:

(1) All work must be the original work of the child submitting it, and his name and age must be given. (2) Drawings must be done on white drawing paper with India ink. (3) Photographs must be clear and sharp to make good reproductions. (4) All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, and no manuscripts will be returned. (5) Only the best will be published. Others will receive honorable mention. (6) All material must be sent to *The Children's Friend*, 39 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Food Fights for Freedom

From information prepared by the War Food Administration and the Office of Price Administration.

THE American people are being asked to take various actions on food; for example, to grow and preserve it, to prevent waste, to eat the right things, to give the right number of stamps and never pay above ceiling prices.

This program is called the Food Fights for Freedom program. Its purpose is to present the essential facts about food so effectively that—

I. Every citizen will understand the basic facts about food:

A. Its production.

B. How it fights with our armed men, our allies, liberated peoples, and on the home front.

C. How it is allocated among these claimants, and why.

D. How our supply is affected by increased purchasing power.

E. Why rationing and price control are essential.

F. How much we waste, where, and why we must conserve.

G. Why adjustments in our habits and in our thinking have become a wartime necessity.

II. Every citizen will do all in his power to carry out the appeal for action:

PRODUCE AND CONSERVE, SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE:

A. Produce more food of the right kinds, on farms and in Victory Gardens.

B. Conserve food, stop waste.

C. Preserve fresh and perishable foods.

D. Eat the right foods every day for health and strength.

E. Substitute plentiful for scarce foods in your diet.

F. Share through rationing—by refusing to buy or sell rationed foods without stamps for every point.

G. Help keep food costs down—by paying or charging no more than legal prices.

H. Take active part in community food projects, and inspire your friends and neighbors to do the same.

I. Put the war's food demands first, and adjust your thinking and habits to wartime conditions.

My Window Garden

Florence Grant Smith

FOUR years ago, we decided to modernize our kitchen and pantry. When the measurements were taken, we found that our pantry was large enough to be made into a breakfast room. It contained one small window in an east wall.

Here was my chance to have what I had always wanted, a window large enough to hold plants and flowers to my heart's content! I had thumbed through magazines with this thought in mind and found a picture of just the window I was sure could be built into our wall. It was a conservatory type that would extend beyond the house wall, and required the removal of almost all the east wall of the room in order to set the window in place. A local glass company made the metal frame and set the glass. This frame, glass enclosed, with two plate-glass shelves, extends twelve inches beyond the house wall. It is five feet high, seven feet wide, and with the depth of the frame and the thickness of the wall, I have a twenty-inch window sill. Buff tile was selected to cover the sill as that was considered the most practical finish for a sill where plants were to be cared for.

A light-blue color was chosen for the wall covering, and rayon taffeta drapes in a peach color were hung at the window.

Now came the fun of making my indoor garden. This was something new in the house, and the whole family was interested in the outcome. I consulted a local gardener as to what type of plants would do best in such a setting. This window being on the east and only getting the sun for about two hours each day would have to have plants and flowers that needed not so much sun as a good light. I found that there are many beautiful plants that thrive in just such a place. I selected those that would give us both color and blossoms during the winter.

While the family is enjoying a meal, I can look up and see my Dutch boy with his heavy shoes, dark-blue flare-pants, light-blue shirt with a white vest, and a funny Dutch cap on the back of his head. With hands in his pockets, he is slyly looking at a little Dutch girl, whose hair, parted in the middle of her forehead to the nape of her neck, is braided into two rosettes over her ears. She wears a light-blue laced bodice with white collar and cuffs, a buff skirt, short white socks and large Dutch shoes. She is bashfully holding her face away from the little boy, while she hides a red apple behind her back. Then, I see several colorful Hummel pieces: little soldiers marching to the rhythm of the drum and the music of their own voices; a darling little maid with a basket at her feet, sitting on a pole fence watching the performance of the boys, while two cherubs are singing to the tune of the instruments they are playing. There is a duck with a garden on its broad back; a white elephant striding through drooping ferns, green-crackled glass tumblers, and a blue glass vase through which the light

WINDOW GARDEN OF FLORENCE G. SMITH

shines, some small pottery vases, and, I must not forget, sweet Goldilocks holding out her apron into which I often slip some begonia blossoms. These small figures give a lively note to my garden, placed among the blue and white containers of a half-dozen everblooming begonias, several small ferns, African violets, Christmas cactus, also a cactus dish garden, and a number of foliage begonias.

The reason I have more everblooming begonias than other flowering plants is because they love light without sun, and are such generous bloomers. As each leaf appears, a cluster of blossoms unfolds. Then when the foliage gets long and straggly, the plants can be cut back to the new growth at the base of the stems, which soon gives me more lovely blossoms. The African violets are a nice contrast in color to the begonias; they also love a good light and are in blossom almost continuously.

Friends, as well as the family, are interested in my window garden and often send me gifts of lovely plants. These are treasured both for their beauty and the thought which sent them. Some of these I have been able to keep over from one year to the next and they have rewarded me with bright new blossoms.

My sister who lives next door on the east can see my garden from both her kitchen and pantry windows. She has often said to me: "I believe that I enjoy your window as much as you do." She may think she does, but nobody else can get the same joy out

of a garden as the one who takes care of it, loving every plant growing there.

That is another thing which friends mention—the care it must take to have such a place. True, it does take time and care, but everything else in a home does also, and the time spent in caring for the plants is small in comparison to the joy we all get out of seeing them.

The time we love our garden-window the most is when "Old Man Winter" gets busy with one of his blustery storms and sends the wind and snow beating against the window panes. The room is warm and cosy with the flowers all in blossom, giving us a wonderful feeling in contrast to the storm. It was at such a time as this that Daddy Smith remarked: "I just love to eat here where the flowers are all in bloom while the storm is raging outside." We all agreed, for winter takes on a different look entirely when viewed from a window framed in green, and bright with fresh flowers!

A Bride Goes West

(Continued from page 94)

sent for the Indian te-wat. A little school was soon organized and the Indian children listened attentively, but they enjoyed the singing the most. How a chance traveler must have smiled as his ears caught the New England church hymns sung by the dark-skinned Indians in this school so far away in the wilderness!

Dr. Whitman traveled far and wide among his beloved Indians and Narcissa taught in her school. The mission house became larger as additions were added for the school and many store rooms, but the kitchen was the spot of interest for all. We can imagine this New England girl teaching her adopted Indian children to cook as she walked around and stepped over lazy Indian braves, for her home was a home for the Indians! She had proved that white women could cross the continent and help carry the white man's Book to the Indians. These missionaries opened Oregon to American families, and it was from the doorway of Narcissa's home that she stood and saw her husband guide the first wagon train to Oregon in the year 1843.

LIFE IS LIKE A GARDEN

A HUMAN life may be likened to a garden. It requires sun, air, water, and good soil. But without cultivation these may produce merely rank weeds—the richer the soil the worse the weeds. The desired plants must be encouraged. These are the virtues that give strength and beauty to life. The weeds must be uprooted. These are the vices and indulgences that keep us from being our true selves. The weeds spring from our ignorance or indifference or are sown in our lives by selfish interests which wish to reap a profit from our indulgences. It is hard for us to recognize the weeds because it is natural for us to make ourselves think that whatever we do is right. One's ability to examine his own weaknesses fairly and to seek ways to correct them is a measure of his intelligence and selfmastery.—Joy Elmer Morgan, *The Tyranny of Bad Habits.*

WINTER IN THE CANYON

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Deep in canyon solitude
Winter rages wildly now,
Restless winds and whirling snow
Are sifting through each shrub and bough.

Bravely trees resist the wind,
Slender saplings bending low,
Streams are held in icy strength
Patterned trails are filled with snow.

Strangely silent and remote
Like specters, mountain crags reach high,
A challenge to the storm until
Pale stars proclaim a clear, cold sky.

When morning dawns, the sun will shine,
This phantom land will be serene,
When darkness falls, the moon will rise
And throw a blue veil o'er the scene.

But lonely winds will come again
To roam where hillside flowers sleep,
And woodland creatures will return
To make new paths where snows are deep.

Winter, beautiful though grim,
Reigns here as only winter can,
But heights will bloom, the canyon teem,
When genial springtime comes again.

FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

THIS section of the *Magazine* is reserved for narrative reports and pictures of Relief Society activities in the stakes and missions. Its purpose is threefold: (1) to provide a medium for the exchange of ideas and methods for conducting Relief Society work which have proved successful in some organizations and which may be helpful and stimulating to others; (2) to recognize outstanding or unique accomplishments of Relief Society organizations; (3) to note the progress of Relief Society work in various parts of the world. It is recognized that personal accounts of individuals who have long served Relief Society, or who have otherwise distinguished themselves, are always of great interest, but the space available for "Notes from the Field" is so limited in relation to the number of stakes and missions that it must be reserved for reports on the work of the organization rather than of individuals.

Pictures which are submitted for publication can be used only if they are clear and distinct and will make good cuts for reproduction. Pictures must be accompanied by informative narrative accounts of the events or activities to which they pertain.

Wards desiring to submit reports for publication in "Notes from the Field" are requested to send them through their respective stake Relief Societies. It often happens that one or two wards in a stake will send reports on special activities which are being conducted on a stake-wide basis, and in such instances it would be to the advantage of the stake to have the report cover the entire activity in the same issue of the *Magazine* with all participating wards represented.

All narrative material should bear the date of submittal, and all references to certain seasons or special occasions should be identified by the correct dates. Similarly, all pictures should have both date and identification on the reverse. Material submitted for "Notes from the Field" is to be addressed to the General Secretary-Treasurer.

SPECIAL RELIEF SOCIETY PROGRAMS

IN 1942, the First Presidency designated the evening meeting of Fast Sundays for use by the auxiliary organizations. By subsequent agreement among the auxiliaries, the Relief Society was assigned the Fast Day evenings in March and November. The General Board designated the November meeting as the time for annual ward Relief Society conferences, and the March meeting, coming near the time of the Society's anniversary, for special commemorative programs. The General Board issued a suggestive program for the first of these Church-wide Fast Day evenings in March, which in 1943 occurred March 7. This suggestive program, which was used by hundreds of local Relief Societies, was entitled "America, a Christian Nation." Its objective was to show that the cause of freedom is the cause of Christ, and its presentation was in honor of ward members in the armed services, their parents, wives, and children. Also in 1942, the First Presidency designated extra sessions of stake quarterly conferences for the use of auxiliaries, where desired. In both

1942 and 1943, the Relief Society was assigned such sessions during the third quarter, and the General Board issued suggestive programs.

Following are reports on some of the ward programs of March 7, 1943, and stake programs of the third quarter, 1943.

Juab Stake (Utah)

CHLOE N. BAILEY, Relief Society president of the Juab Stake, reported the success of the Relief Society Sunday evening program in the wards of this stake. She said: "The program brought people into the Church who hadn't attended for years. The theme reflected the true spirit of patriotism, and as a stake Relief Society we wish to commend the General Board for the keen vision and spiritual insight which are manifest in the program."

This stake is to be commended for the advance publicity and efficient management of these programs. Notice that this patriotic program would be presented in each ward of the stake was given prominent space in the local newspaper which also listed the program in detail. The Nephi Ward mailed a special invitation to the parents and wives of service men and requested a picture of the boys for display during the program. A badge of red, white, and blue ribbon with one star representing each person in the service was presented to the parents and wives of the service boys. Both the Nephi and the North and South Wards each distributed mimeographed programs at the door.

San Fernando Stake (California)

ELSIE WEBER, president of the Glendale West Ward, wrote: "We thank the General Board for the very fine program which was outlined in the *Magazine* to be used Sunday, March 7. Although the *Magazines* were very late in getting to us, leaving us just a week to prepare the program, we changed our entire program and gave the suggested one which was a very great success. We had a much larger attendance than usual and we received many fine compliments. We hope we may have more programs outlined for us."

Rigby Stake (Idaho)

STELLA F. BROSSARD, stake secretary-treasurer, stated: "We wish to express our appreciation in behalf of the wards for the excellent outline of the program given to us in the *Magazine* for March 7. Every ward in our stake used the outline and carried out the program successfully."

South Davis Stake (Utah)

KATE H. ZESIGER expressed the appreciation of parents for the program in the following comments: "Sunday evening, March 7, 1943, the Relief Society of Bountiful Third Ward put on a splendid program honoring the parents and families of our boys in the service. We parents do appreciate and thank the sponsors of such an idea from the bottom of our hearts. I myself am the mother of an army air cadet and felt the program was not sad but very inspiring and one which cheers and comforts our hearts and makes us feel proud of our boys in service."

East Central States Mission

BELLE C. JENSEN, recently released president of the Relief So-

CAST OF PATRIOTIC PAGEANT, "AMERICA, THE LAND OF PROMISE," PRESENTED BY THE SANDY FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, MT. JORDAN STAKE, MARCH 7, 1943

cieties of this mission, reported April 1, 1943, as follows: "I want to let you know how well the program that was outlined in the *Relief Society Magazine* for March 7 was put on by the organizations here in the East Central States Mission. Everyone seemed to think that it was very timely and fitting. We have just returned from visiting some of the branches on the East Coast and every one commented about this meeting. I was fortunate enough to attend the one held here in the Louisville Branch and it was really thrilling. Everything was carried out in a fine, dignified way, and the spirit of the occasion seemed to be present with everyone. We had some fine young servicemen take part on the program. We hope that we will have more outlined services for us. The Relief Society organizations seem to enjoy trying to put on something of this kind.

"Our organizations are doing splendid work, although many are unable to attend on account of the gas situation, for even in organized branches there are members living quite a distance from the churches or halls. I am enclosing a sample of the program and a newspaper clipping from one of the branches."

Mt. Jordan Stake (Utah)

THE Sandy First Ward carried out the suggested theme of the March 7 program in honor of the members of this ward in the service of their country, but did so by means of an original patriotic pageant, "America, the Land of Promise," written by Eileen R. Dunyon, social

science class leader of this ward. The accompanying picture of the cast, and information regarding this pageant, was submitted by Harriet Robinson, president of the Sandy First Ward Relief Society. An attractive printed program listed the eight scenes of the pageant—Landing of the Pilgrims, The Bill of Rights, Recessional, The Sacred Grove, Winter Quarters, The Mormon Battalion, Over Seas, and The American Flag. The secretary, Stella Thompson, who wrote the report, added: "We were assisted wholeheartedly by members of the bishopric, Boy Scout organizations, Mutual Improvement Association, and Sunday School. There were approximately three hundred in attendance, a much larger Sunday evening gathering than usual.

"It is a pleasure to report that the Relief Society is progressing satisfactorily and meeting all requirements in spite of the fact so many members are engaged in war production work."

Santaquin-Tintic Stake (Utah)

AT the request of Vera P. Patten, stake Relief Society president, Counselor Mary E. Allen submitted the following report of the evening Relief Society session held in connection with the stake quarterly conference, Sunday, June 13, 1943: "In our stake the members are quite scattered, and with gasoline rationing we now have quite a transportation problem, so after talking the matter over with the stake presidency it was decided to hold three meetings, and give more members of our stake the opportunity to attend the evening session.

"In accordance with this plan, we held a meeting in Eureka, one in Goshen, and another in Santaquin. One member of the stake Relief Society presidency attended each meeting and took charge. We carried out the suggested program which was sent out by the General Board. Stake board members gave the talks suggested in connection with the symposium. We asked the ward workers to assist with the music and the Scripture reading. Each meeting was opened by congregational singing of 'Sweet is the Work.' Ward groups of Singing Mothers furnished special numbers. Each meeting was closed with the singing of 'Now Let Us Rejoice.'

"We announced the results of our stake poetry contest in each meeting. The sister who contributed the winning poem was present at the meeting held in Goshen and gave her poem. The winning poem was also read in the other two meetings. We carried these meetings out as nearly alike as possible, and feel that we were able to reach more members with our message than if we had held one central session for the entire stake."

Southern States Mission

MARY H. WHITAKER, recently released president of Relief Societies of this mission, wrote July 13, 1943, concerning the use in this mission of the program suggested by the General Board for stakes holding Relief Society sessions in connection with stake quarterly conference during the summer: "On the eve of July 3, we enjoyed one of the best Relief Society programs ever to be

put on at conference time. The Georgia District was given the privilege of rendering the program at the Saturday evening session of conference and they followed the suggested program in Bulletin No. 30. Each sister was well prepared and the singing was lovely. The Scriptural reading at the beginning and end of the program seemed to bring the spiritual atmosphere which was sustained during the entire conference.

"I might add the program was rendered so well that President Whitaker suggested each district have the privilege of presenting the program on Saturday evening during the following three months."

WINTER SLEEP

Clara Tanner

Six summers here she worked with trowel and rake
And seeds and bare brown earth and rain to make
A garden where the earth once fed but weeds.
Beneath her hand the hardened bulbs and seeds
Burst forth to life anew and riotous bloom,
And filled the air with delicate sweet perfume.

But now, before the spring's first tiny flower
Has blossomed to relieve a saddened hour,
She sleeps, and those who loved her see her not,
But here remains the change that she has wrought.
Though covered now with winter's coat of snow,
And sleeping, in the springtime they will grow—
The roses, poppies, dahlias, folded tight—
Again to gorgeous blooms in colors bright.

Let her sleep, too, be restful, sweet, and deep;
Let memories her dear ones ever keep.
And in another springtime, other clime,
May she awake, O God, in thine own time.

Theology

Articles of Faith

Lesson 24—Practical Religion

Tuesday, May 2, 1944

Article 13: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul—We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

Lesson Aim: To show that honesty, truthfulness, benevolence, and doing good to all men, as well as chastity, charity, and the sanctity of the body are necessary to salvation, and should be incorporated into the conduct of our daily lives.

CONDENSATION OF CHAPTER 24, TALMAGE'S, *ARTICLES OF FAITH*

Religion of Daily Life

In this article of their faith, the Latter-day Saints declare their acceptance of a practical religion; a religion that shall consist, not alone of professions in spiritual matters, and belief as to the conditions of the hereafter, but also, and more particularly, of present and every-day duties, in which proper respect for self, love for fellow men, and devotion to God are the guiding principles. Religion without morality, professions of godliness without charity, church-membership without adequate responsibility as to individual conduct in daily life, are but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals—noise without music, the words without the spirit of prayer. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James 1: 27).

The Comprehensiveness of Our Faith

Within the pale of the Church there is a place for all truth—for everything that is praiseworthy, virtuous, lovely, or of good report. The belief of Latter-day Saints carries them forward, even beyond the bounds of knowledge thus far revealed, and teaches them to look with unwavering confidence for other revelations, truths yet to be added, and progress beyond the mind of man to conceive or the soul to contain. We believe in a God who is Himself progressive, whose majesty is intelligence; whose perfection consists in eternal advancement (Doctrine and Covenants 93:36), a Being who has attained His exalted state by a path which now His children are permitted to follow, whose glory it is their heritage to share. In spite of the opposition of the sects, in the face of direct charges of blasphemy, the Church proclaims the eternal truth: "*As man is, God once was; as God is, man may be.*" As being incidental to the declaration of belief embodied in this Article, many topics relating to the organization, precepts, and practice of the Church suggest themselves, of these a careful study should be made of the following: benevolence; charity or love; the law of fast, with the included offering; the law of the tithe; consecration and stewardship including the social order of the saints; marriage; chastity; and the Word of Wisdom; and the Sabbath Day.

Doctrine and Covenants, Section 89: the "Revelation given through Joseph Smith the Prophet, at Kirtland, Ohio, February 27, 1833, known as the Word of Wisdom," is published in full herewith:

1. A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the council of high priests, assembled in Kirtland, and the church, and also the saints in Zion—
2. To be sent greeting; not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days—
3. Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called saints.
4. Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation—
5. That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him.
6. And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make.
7. And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.
8. And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.
9. And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly.
10. And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man—
11. Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving.
12. Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly;

13. And it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used, only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine.
14. All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth;
15. And these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger.
16. All grain is good for the food of man; as also the fruit of the vine; that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground—
17. Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain.
18. And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones;
19. And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;
20. And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.
21. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CLASS PROCEDURE

Suggested Songs

"Nay Speak No Ill," *Relief Society Songs*, p. 40; *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, No. 88.

"Let Us All Press On," Evan Stephens, *Relief Society Songs*, p. 38; *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, No. 152.

"Sowing," H. A. Tuckett, *Relief Society Songs*, p. 43; *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, No. 37.

"Sweet is the Work, My God, My King," Isaac Watts, J. J. McClelland, *Relief Society Songs*, p. 33; *Deseret Sunday School Songs* No. 35; *Latter-day Saint Hymns*, No. 91

As this is the last theology lesson of the three-year course on the *Articles of Faith*, time might well be allowed either at the beginning or close of the lesson for the class, small groups, or individual members to recite the Articles of Faith.

Prior to the presentation of the lesson (Chapter 24), it is suggested that a short period, perhaps fifteen minutes, be devoted to a review of the year's work, conducted in the form of a quiz. In conducting the quiz, the class leader should choose four or five women to participate in answering questions; someone should be appointed to judge answers, and someone else to act as timekeeper.

Slips of paper containing questions on the year's work, together with their answers, should be deposited in a box. The four or five women chosen to answer questions should sit in front of the class where they may be seen by class members and easily heard. (Opportunity should be given, well in advance of the quiz, for class members to volunteer to participate in this way.)

The class leader should draw from the box, one at a time, the slips of paper containing the questions and answers. As each question is drawn from the box, she should read it clearly and distinctly. Then the four or five women chosen to answer questions should be given opportunity to answer.

After the question is read by the class leader, the slip of paper containing the question and answer should be handed to the woman chosen to judge answers, in order that she may determine, from the answer written on the slip, whether or not the question has been correctly and adequately answered. A definite and reasonable length of time should be allowed for answering each question. When the time allotted for answering has expired, the timekeeper should indicate this in some way, such as by touching a bell. If it is considered that the question has not been correctly nor adequately answered, opportunity should be given the class to answer it.

It is recommended that class members be advised of this quiz well in advance of the date it is to be conducted, in order that they may have ample time to review the subject matter upon which the questions are to be based. Definite study suggestions should be given to the class as a whole, and particularly to the four or five class members chosen to be responsible for answering questions. If no one volunteers to act in this capacity, it is suggested that questions be directed to the class as a whole.

Questions and answers for the quiz may be obtained by any of the following methods:

1. At the close of the previous month's lesson, the class leader might assign each of the eight chapters of the *Articles of Faith* studied this year, to a group of two or three class members, asking each group to hand to her, several days prior to the date of the quiz, one or two questions on its respective chapter, together with the answer to each question.

2. For two or three weeks preceding the quiz, a box might be conveniently placed in the classroom. Class members might be requested to deposit, in the box, slips of paper containing questions and their answers, on the subject matter covered during the past year.

3. The class leader herself might provide questions and answers.

Whichever method is used, it is very necessary that the questions be prepared early enough to insure their careful perusal and checking by the class leader. Because of the limited time available for the quiz, not more than one or two questions should be used on each chapter. Persons handing in questions should understand that all questions submitted may not be used; catch questions should be carefully avoided. If the plans for the quiz are well laid and questions and answers carefully chosen and checked, this quiz period will stimulate study and prove helpful and instructive. In order that the class may have opportunity to study and be thoroughly prepared for the quiz, the class leader might even post, one week prior to the date of the quiz, a copy of the questions to be used. Note: This quiz is to be conducted during a part of the time allotted to the class leader for presentation of her lesson, and is in no way to interfere with the regular testimony meeting.

At the conclusion of Lesson 24 it is suggested that the class leader take time to briefly summarize the three-year course, concluding her remarks on a note that is conducive to testimony bearing.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

Discourses of Brigham Young, edition 1925.

The religion that we have embraced must last a man from Monday morning until Monday morning, and from Saturday night until Saturday night, and from one new year until another; it must be in all our thoughts and words, in all our ways and dealings. We come here to tell the people how to be saved; we know how, consequently we can tell others. Suppose our calling tomorrow is to conduct a railroad, to go into some philosophical business, or no matter what, our minds, our faith or religion, our God and his Spirit are with us; and if we should happen to be found in a room dedicated for purposes of amusement and an accident should occur, and an Elder engaged in the dance is called upon to go and lay hands on the sick, if he is not prepared to exercise his calling and his faith in God as much there as at any other time and in any other place, he never should be found there, for none have a legal right to the amusements which the Lord has ordained for his children except those who acknowledge his hand in all things and keep his commandments.—p. 361

Visiting Teachers' Messages to the Home

Sources of Strength

Lesson 8—Love

Tuesday, May 2, 1944

THERE is one aspect of love, one interpretation of it, which good people find hard to fulfill. We are admonished by the Master to love our enemies and to do good to those who despitefully use us.

This story is told: "In the course of the Armenian atrocities, a young woman and her brother were pursued down the street by a Turkish soldier, cornered in an angle of the wall, and the brother was slain before his sister's eyes. She dodged down an alley, leaped the wall, and escaped. Later, being a nurse, she was forced by the Turkish authorities to work in the military hospital. To her ward was brought, one day, the same Turkish soldier who had slain her brother. He was very ill. A slight inattention would have assured his death. The young woman, now safe in America, confesses to the bitter struggle that took place in her mind. The old cry 'vengeance', the new cry 'love', struggled in her mind. Equally to the man's good and to her own, the better side conquered, and she nursed him as carefully as any other patient in the ward. The recognition had been mutual, and one day, unable to longer restrain his curiosity, the

Turk asked the nurse why she had not let him die. She replied, 'I am a follower of the precept "love your enemies, and do good to them." '

"He was silent for a long time and at last he spoke, 'I never knew there was such a religion. If that is your religion, tell me more about it, for I want it' " *Twelve Tests of Character*, page 166).

Abraham Lincoln had that divine quality in a high degree. Lincoln chose Stanton to be Secretary of War because he felt that he was the best fitted man for that job, although he knew that Stanton had called him "a low cunning clown, the original gorilla."

The woman who is too great to be envious of others or jealous of the achievements of others has in her soul a pure and unselfish love.

Envy and jealousy are inward foes of human happiness, enemies against which we should wage a relentless war. Envy ruins families, separates friends, and fills the minds of those who harbor it with rancor. Jealousy embitters the heart and shrinks and withers the soul. Love rises above these. "Against the superiority of others there is no remedy but love." To see others have what one wanted; to aspire and be defeated; to plan and fail; and to walk through life with sunlit faces and unenvious hearts is to win a great and noble victory. To be just and generous toward people, to rejoice in the prosperity and success of others is proof of a really great soul.

Discussion

1. Discuss the power love gives to the individual from whom it springs, and its effect on an enemy?
2. What do the Scriptures tell us of the importance of love in the relationship of God and man, and between man and man?
3. How may this highest form of love be developed?

References

Relief Society Magazine, vol. 30, April 1943, p. 260

Gospel Doctrine, third edition, "Love One Another", p. 425, fifth edition, p. 340; "Honor Yourselves and Your Neighbors", third edition, p. 321, fifth edition, p. 256; "Do Not Inflict Wounds, But Heal Wounds", third edition, p. 331, fifth edition, p. 264

WASHINGTON ON EDUCATION

Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness. In one in which the measures of government receive their impression so immediately from the sense of the community, as in ours, it is proportionately essential. To the security of a free constitution it contributes in various ways: By convincing those who are entrusted with the public administration, that every valuable end of government is best answered by the enlightened confidence of the people; and by teaching the people themselves to know and to value their own rights; to discern and provide against invasions of them; to distinguish between oppression and the necessary exercise of lawful authority, between burdens proceeding from a disregard to their convenience and those resulting from the inevitable exigencies of society; to discriminate the spirit of liberty from that of licentiousness, cherishing the first, avoiding the last, and uniting a speedy but temperate vigilance against encroachments, with an inviolable respect to the laws.—George Washington.

Home Topics

For optional use on Work-and-Business Day

Modern Housekeeping Methods

Lesson 8—Dishwashing

Tuesday, May 9, 1944

THE United States War Information Chief recently said: "Little things count. We must learn to do the little job—the nuisance that we don't want to do which is so important in winning the World War on the Home Front." This statement may appropriately be applied to housekeeping. There is certain work occurring daily in all households which often becomes tiresome to homemakers and yet which must be done regularly and well if the home is to be properly kept. Among these tasks are laundering clothes, straightening and cleaning the house, preparing and serving the meals, and dishwashing.

The experienced homemaker recognizes in dishwashing one of the most important problems of the household. With her it is not a problem of whether she likes the job or not, but rather how may she perform the task most quickly and efficiently.

The ability to wash dishes quickly and adequately should be taught to every one in the family. Dishwashing is really a critical process with an important hygienic aspect. Many colds, septic sore throats, and other diseases can be traced to unclean dishwashing. In a soiled, greasy dishcloth germs have everything favorable for growth—moisture, food, and warm temperature. When a germ-infested dishcloth is put into clean dishwater, the water immediately becomes polluted and unfit for dishes and utensils. The nearest practical approach to surgical cleanliness is the objective to be sought in dishwashing.

Is it more efficient to do the dishes after each meal or only once or twice a day? Here we can run into endless argument because there is no one answer. The writer's answer to this question is—*do it now!*

There are a number of ways in which dishes may be washed and wiped satisfactorily. There is no one best way. There are electric dishwashers now which are used by many hotels and restaurants and which are very satisfactory for washing large numbers of dishes. A few homes also have electric dishwashers, but in the majority of homes dishes are washed by hand.

Any good method of washing dishes is based on certain basic principles. Here are the basic principles:

Any dish washes more easily if food has not been allowed to dry on it. Since hot water cooks starches and the proteins of eggs, dishes containing these should be soaked in cold water. The reverse is true of sugary, sirupy, and greasy dishes. Dishwater washes most effectively if it is hot and soft with mild soapy suds. This suds is made most easily by using flaked or powdered soap. It is foolish to put unscraped dishes into clean dishwater. A rubber scraper or crumpled paper should be used to wipe off all stray bits of food before the dishes are put into the water. A dishpan filled to the brim with soiled dishes does not allow water to reach all parts of every dish. Therefore, only a few dishes should be put into the dishpan at once. There is less danger of dishes chipping if like shapes are put in at one time. Ivory handles and wooden utensils or handles are harmed by standing a long time in hot water.

Glassware is washed first, silver second, china third, and cooking utensils fourth. Not less than two waters should ever be used unless you wash your dishes under *running* water. The rinsing water should be as near the boiling point as possible. Washed dishes which are put into drying racks to rinse should be placed in such a way that the rinse water can reach them on all sides. Shine the glassware and dry the silver. Letting the dishes drain dry is sanitary and saves time. If towels are used to dry dishes, they should be immaculate. Linen towels leave less lint on dishes than do cotton ones. Towels and dish *cloths* (not rags) are washed and hung to dry in orderly fashion. Once a week all towels and cloths need boiling.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Discuss the importance of putting everything in order before starting to wash dishes.
2. (a) Give suggestions for removing scorched or stubborn foods from cooking utensils.
   (b) Discuss the care of utensils.
3. How may dishes that are seldom used be protected from dust and smoke?
4. Discuss care of sinks; of drains.
5. Give a list of tools and supplies for dishwashing that should be readily accessible.
6. Discuss methods of handling dishes and silverware to avoid scratching.

References

America's Housekeeping Book, Chapter XIX, page 217.

"Do Dishes The Quick Way," *Better Homes and Gardens*, September 1943, p. 40.

MAKE IT DO

A cloth wrung out of hot vinegar will sponge shine off your suit collar—or your husband's trousers.

Powdered borax in closets and bureau drawers keeps moths from feasting there.

Camphor has the same effect on mice.

Half a cupful of soap chips sprinkled at the bottom of the tub keeps your precious washing machine from rusting around the water outlet. The soap chips can be used for your next washing too.

Cornmeal worked into the nap of your rug with a stiff brush, before you use a vacuum cleaner, helps freshen the soiled spots.—*Women's Club News Service.*

Literature

The Bible as Literature

Lesson 8—Bible Prophecy

Tuesday, May 16, 1944

ONE type of literature in which the Chosen People excelled was the literature of prophecy. Indeed, this kind of literature is to be found almost exclusively in their writings. There it rises to a distinctive place in literary expressions of intense religious devotion and emotion. They deal fearlessly with vital problems of life, warning against evil, pleading for righteousness, and revealing, in no uncertain terms, things to come.

A clearer understanding of this splendid prophetic literature will be obtained as one gets a plainer view of these prophets of old. "They were not mere *foretellers*," President B. H. Roberts once told a group of missionaries, "they were rather *forthtellers*, giving forth the word of God to the people." It happened, of course, that these holy men would at times look ahead and forewarn of days to come. Today, as we read some of their God-inspired prophecies, we marvel at the exactness of their visions of the future. Yet this was only one vital phase of their great work.

Outstanding prophets of Old Testament times might well have been called religious statesmen. They played major roles not only in the theocratic government of earlier Israel, but even after it became a kingdom. Think here of Samuel, the kingmaker; of Nathan, who bearded David in the throne room and rebuked him for his sins; of Elijah before Ahab and Jezebel and the priests of Baal. Fearlessly, these prophets of God faced sinners from the king down to the lowest of his subjects, and interpreted God's word and will. These earlier prophets used, however, mainly the spoken word; they were not creators of written prophecy, as were outstanding ones who came later.

Those who have left us the Books of Prophecy found in the Bible are commonly called the *Major* and the *Minor Prophets*. These terms refer to the quantity, not the quality of their works. Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Isaiah wrote rather extensively; Amos, Hosea, Micah, and other prophets have left us comparatively brief books of prophecy. The role of all of these men of God was essentially the same: to interpret, or speak for God to his people. Their words of truth and light, though born out of and applying to certain social and political situations of their own times, still ring with force and meaning in our own lives today.

As with the Bible lyric and the Bible oration, the literature of prophecy may be more clearly grasped in its historical setting. We shall be able to appreciate Jeremiah's words of woe better, for example, if we remember that this frank and fearless man of God wrote when Judah was in travail. Her people were harrassed by Egypt and Babylon, and her leaders were making unholy alliances, as Jeremiah felt, that would lead his people into terrible troubles.

Under the inspiration of God, he prophesied to King Zedekiah that Babylon would overcome the Kingdom of Judah, and its inhabitants would be smitten with the sword and with pestilence. Finally, Zedekiah himself would be taken and Jerusalem burned—this because the people had forsaken God. It was during these same years that the prophet Lehi was warning the Jews to cease their sins or the judgment of God would be visited upon them. But the evil folk hissed and stoned their prophets; and Lehi, to escape the wrath that he knew was coming, fled with his family into the wilderness.

God's word was fulfilled. Judah was ravished and her leaders taken into captivity. The common folk, left without spiritual guidance, intermarried with the idolatrous peoples about them, and became the later despised Samaritans. The Promised Land, with its cities laid waste, its temple destroyed, was only a realm of memories. Yet over it all shone the star of hope—kept burning by a Book of Prophecy.

Isaiah, son of Amoz, years before had foreseen the threatening calamities, and had pleaded with his people:

> Wash ye, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow . . . If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land: but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it (Isa. 1:16-20).

The prophet continues, lamenting the evil that has befallen the people, the harlotry and the murdering, the mingling of princes with thieves, the bribery and injustice. Yet, he foresees the time when "Zion shall be redeemed and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed." Then he breaks forth into this divine prophecy:

> And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more (Isa. 2:2-4).

How devoutly millions on earth are praying today for the consummation of this prophecy in its fullness.

It is utterances such as this that make of Isaiah one of the most beloved of the prophets. Though he

suffered through the trials that came and would come on his people and the world, yet he looked through the clouds to the silver lining. Other nations, such as the Greeks, placed their Golden Age in the past; with Isaiah the Golden Age was the future.

He saw clearly the woes that would come upon nations that mock God. He frankly voiced the wrath of the Lord in such lines as these:

> And I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity; and I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible (Isa. 13:11).

He pronounced doom on Babylon and Syria, and other nations that were waxing in wickedness. He foretold the time when "the earth shall stagger like a drunken man, and be moved to and fro like a hut; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it"—words tragically applicable today.

Yet, after the destruction shall come restoration for those who have remained true to God. Then—

> The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away" (Isa. 35:1, 10).

Following this flush of a dawn for an oppressed people comes a sunburst of literature—*The Rhapsody of Zion Redeemed*. From Chapter Forty on to the close of this Book of Prophecy is creative expression unparalleled in the literature of the world.

Rhapsody is the word used by Doctor Moulton to suggest the blend of poetry, music, and drama to lift lofty thought and high hope before distressed, suffering souls. In exalted spirit, the prophet sees beyond the darkness and gloom. God-inspired, he visions the future, and proclaims—

> Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.
> Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
> Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
> Every valley shall be exalted,
> And every mountain and hill shall be made low:
> And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
> And all flesh shall see it together:
> For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it (Isa. 40:1, 3-5).

Voices pass the good tidings across the waste places to Jerusalem. God in majesty and power speaks to the nations, especially to Babylon, telling of destruction to come to those "given to pleasure," trusting "in wickedness," guided by "astrologers," "stargazers." Let these "stand up," says the Lord, "and save thee from the things that shall come upon thee. Behold they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them."

Praise is given to Cyrus, the Persian king, who, conquering Babylon, has liberated the captive Jews to go back and redeem their realm. There are songs of rejoicing by celestial hosts; stirring lines of which have echoed down the centuries; some of the lyrics beginning with such familiar strains as—

> Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion;
> Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city (Isa. 52:1).

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace (Isa. 52:7).

Following these lyric outbursts of rejoicing, again God speaks—

Behold, my servant shall prosper, he shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be very high.

And after this announcement come the well-known lines:

Who hath believed that which we have heard?
And to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a tender plant,
And as a root out of a dry ground.

He was despised, and rejected of men;
A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

Surely he hath borne our griefs,
And carried our sorrows:

But he was wounded for our transgressions,
He was bruised for our iniquities:
The chastisement of our peace was upon him;
And with his stripes we are healed.

He was oppressed,
Yet he humbled himself,
And opened not his mouth:
As a lamb that is led to the slaughter,
And as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb;
Yea, he opened not his mouth.

And they made his grave with the wicked,
And with the rich in his death.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him;
He hath put him to grief.

By his knowledge shall my righteous servant make many righteous:
And he shall bear their iniquities.
Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great.—Moulton, *The Modern Reader's Bible*, pp. 528-529.

Here we come to the heart of all the prophecies of Isaiah. His great work was to vision for his people the Redeemer of Israel. He clarified for his people their cherished dream of a Messiah. Hundreds of years before Jesus of Nazareth came to earth, this inspired prophet pictured His divine character and work among men with startling accuracy. On the Brass Plates which Lehi, through the courageous efforts of his son Nephi, obtained from Laban, were these sacred prophecies of Isaiah of a Christ that would come and did come, not only to the Jews, but to the descendants of Lehi in a far-away New World. Isaiah's divine words have rung with truth and uplift down the ages: they are filled with sacred meaning for us today.

Discussion and Activities

1. In "The Cotter's Saturday Night" by Robert Burns are these picturesque lines, portraying Bible reading at the poet's own boyhood home:

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was a friend of God on high:
* * * * *
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre!

In light of your recent studies on Bible literature, explain what is meant by each of the last three lines.

2. (a) What in its broad sense is implied by the word *prophet?* (b) Cite an instance from the Bible showing how these men of God in trying to hold rulers to righteousness were prophets.
3. Why was it necessary to use the term, "rhapsody," to suggest the spirit and content of Isaiah's portrayal of *Zion Redeemed?*
4. (a) Be ready to read aloud a stanza or lines from some lyric that is woven into the *Rhapsody of Zion Re-*

deemed (Isaiah Chap. 40 to end of book). (b) What sacred song or anthem has been created from musically beautiful lines in Isaiah?

5. (a) What lines from this Master Book of Prophecy voice the hope of a Messiah, or Redeemer? (b) Read aloud all of the poem picturing the Christ to come, in Isaiah 53.
6. (a) How were the prophecies of Isaiah preserved for the descendants of Lehi? (b) Why are some of these divine prophecies appropriately inwoven with the Book of Mormon? (c) What was the sacred outcome of these prophecies and those of the Nephite prophets for the saints of earlier days on this continent?
7. Why should we all keep the inspired words of our prophets of old as well as our present-day prophets close to our hearts?

Social Science

What "America" Means

Lesson 14—The Need of the Hour

Tuesday, May 23, 1944

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty . . . ." (I Chronicles 29:11)

THE people of the United States face the future with a seriousness seldom, if ever, felt before. Not since the birth of our Government has there been so much fear for the preservation of the foundations of freedom. Civilization all over the world is suffering from a general breakdown of character because the religion of Jesus Christ has not had sufficient effect on the actions and lives of individual citizens. We are in the throes of a world war, the like of which has never happened in all history. Millions of the youth of the world are fighting for the establishment of false governments and paganism. Other millions are giving their lives that true democracy may live and that the message of Jesus Christ shall find deep lodgment in the hearts of men. Righteousness is contending against evil; light is trying to sweep darkness from the face of the earth. Strange as it may seem, there have been wars since the beginning of time—wars that have freed people from oppression; wars that have spelled destruction and dissolution of governments and countries. Such has been "the melancholy epitome of national existence," says a recent writer. "Such has been the world's history since the days of ancient Chaldea, some fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, and wars every century of the world since."

We live in a solemn hour. Amid the fearful destruction by tanks and airplanes, bombs and shells, it may seem ironic that anyone should still contend that it is ideas that rule the world. Wars come as a result of

ideas in the minds of men, and if these ideas are bent on destruction because they are born of selfishness and wickedness, bombs will be made and exploded to destroy human lives and nations. Voltaire, the French philosopher, once declared that men will continue to commit atrocities as long as they continue to believe absurdities. That is why it is so important that our beliefs be true. While we Americans have had large and deep convictions of the truth of democracy and the freedom to worship God as we pleased, we have lacked the understanding and the growth of a more pure faith from day to day. While our educational institutions have grown in power and influence and have taken the youth of the land and given them training in the sciences and literature and history, the more serious business of life, directed as it should be by the word of a Higher Power, has lapsed. What we need at the present hour in the educational world more than anything else is an ethical revival at the heart of education, which will be far-reaching as it grows out of a firmer and deeper belief in the teachings of the Holy Bible. The distinctive part of education should be the knowing mind, not hampered with conceit, pride, nor arrogance, but leading to awe, and from awe to faith in God. No standard of right has ever superseded the Ten Commandments, and the warning that "thou shalt not" is as imperative as it is important. When the Hebrew prophet gave these words, it was a crucial hour in Israel's history. The hour had come for the nobler and more important moral distinctions touching the sacredness of life and the safeguarding of God's name.

We have vouchsafed to us many sacred rights and privileges, none more important than that of religious freedom. It is, however, not the freedom for anyone to engage in conduct which is a violation of the criminal laws of the land. Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, claimed the right of religious worship only so long as it did not endanger others. More important still is to remember that every right has its corresponding duty. Another thing which we should know, as American citizens, is that we should give more attention to our inescapable duties than to our unalienable rights. In an address given by the Governor of New York, Thomas E. Dewey, he told a story about an old French working man. France had just fallen, and the message read: "We have lacked an idea. We came to imagine that the proper duty of man was to arrange an easy way of life, individualistic to the point of selfishness. We saw no further than the village pump. We looked upon the State as a universal purveyor, and always spoke of our due, seldom of our duties. This is the peril that may befall America today, the forgetting that free men have duties as well as rights. We cannot have a strong and prosperous society where every one is talking about his rights. If Americans think that their chief duty is to cry for their rights, then America is doomed."

Our Government is a democracy. The founders gave it form when the Declaration was drafted and the Constitution was given to the world. The "democratic feeling" has be-

come the ruling passion of Americans from the beginning of our nation's history. In fact, it had been growing for centuries within the hearts of men. "That ancient and formative passion for liberty, that respect for man as man, the sense of justice which is not satisfied until it has set the bondman free, that hospitality which has held the doors of the nation open to all who aspire after freedom, the tolerance which has kept the realm of opinion as free as the realm of action, that almost impracticable sentiment which has been struggling still to realize the equality of opportunity, all these are the inheritance of the spirit, the endowment of our citizenship."

In this day of darkness, there is light, notwithstanding that there are master forces of evil in the world. The very air we breathe is tainted by them. The very light by which we see is clouded by them. We too easily condone a crooked practice. We do not promptly condemn a dishonorable action. We ascribe too much to the custom of the day, and too little authority to the private conscience. Toward God, there is too much cynicism, and not enough faith. Toward the homely, old-fashioned virtues of simplicity and honor, of courage and generosity, of punctiliousness in morals and manners, we have lost that deep and abiding respect which our parents had. We are too irreverent in the presence of holy things, and too indifferent in the presence of simple nobilities. Our task is to wrestle against these intangible forces and overcome them. Nothing but light can dispel darkness; nothing but clean light can dispel false light. We love to think of those words as recorded in the Bible when Elijah stood upon ancient Horeb: "And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake: And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice" (I Kings, 19:11-12). It is a time of change, but if we can keep a firm grip upon what is good, then there will be beneficent times again.

There are basic institutions in our social life, not one of which is exempt from the attack of the times. Every one of them is feeling the force of the wind. They are the family, the organized state, civil laws, and religion. These institutions represent gains in human history, and are the things we must stand for. They are the things which we hold sacred. We have our homes, our families, where life begins every day and where we live best when we dedicate ourselves to the work of God. We have our religious faith. We did not create nor originate it. It was given to us by the revelations of God. It gives us courage and direction. We have the state, which gives us our schools, our libraries, and our laws whereby we live among our fellow men. We must hold fast to the righteous things we have, and in these days of rank criticism, it is our duty to understand and to appreciate. It is, however, a difficult task, to be always sane and fair-minded. "While we are zealously performing the duties of good citizens and soldiers," said Washington to his

soldiers at Valley Forge, "we should not be inattentive to the higher duties of religion. To the distinguished character of Patriot, it should be our highest glory to add the more distinguished character of Christian."

We Latter-day Saints have been baptized into a new life. We have been confirmed members of the Church, but our baptism and confirmation lie deeper than the visible signs of something. They are the signs of our inner relationship. Our lives must be inward and spiritual first. This relationship takes time and growth and discipline, because character cannot be improvised nor manufactured. Character grows, and growth takes time. This is where the Church comes in, with its power and grace, for it offers a changed life through the power of a new devotion—a power which makes a man want to leave behind him old and accustomed ways. Much of the weakness of the Christian churches today is their lack of discipline. The Church of Jesus Christ rises to power in that it causes man to discipline himself by daily companionship and a deepening comprehension of his relationship to his God. In this, we catch something of a light that never passes away—something without which religion cannot live. We may know that all states and nations are but a passing thing in the presence of the Lord; and that all the evil forces of the world that seem to be carrying everything before them, cannot prevail. God has not changed, and He will continue to provide the necessary leaders for our time. So long as we have leaders who can call men to the ideal—that is to the purposes of God—so long will humanity go on toward the day of days when Christ will reign. Today is not a day of despair. It is a day of faith in the living God. "Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee" (Deut. 31:6).

The English poet, John Drinkwater, wrote a few days before his death:

We know the paths wherein our feet
should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees,
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged
with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou
hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter
need,
Give us to build above the deep intent,
The deed, the deed.

Questions and Topics for Discussion

1. Why is the world today suffering with a general "breakdown" of character?
2. What are the factors that bring about war? What are the elements that will make for peace?
3. "We have sacred rights and privileges; we therefore have sacred duties." What is meant by this statement?
4. "The world has never been so well educated as it is today. Yet the world has never had such terrible wars as today." Why is this?
5. What are some of the great needs of the hour?
6. What has the Gospel of Jesus Christ to offer?

Stories from the Book of Mormon

Lesson 7—Christ's Visit to the Nephites

For optional use of Relief Societies in stakes and missions in countries other than the United States, in lieu of social science.

Tuesday, May 23, 1944

Note: For the full effect of the lesson it is imperative that the teacher and the class have at hand the Book of Mormon.

Lesson objective: To show that Christ visited the Nephites and established His Church among them, emphasizing the importance of baptism.

THE most powerful and far-reaching event in the Book of Mormon is the appearance of the risen Christ to America. This visitation stands as the towering height which all the prophets of the new world, who lived either before or after His coming, emphasize as the classic theme in their writings. The events which lead up to this appearance are dramatically told in the words of Samuel the Lamanite who was sent by God to warn the city of Zarahemla.

Eighty or more years had passed under the rule of the Judges, during which time the Nephites had passed through periods both of peace and trouble; for often they had forgotten the words of the prophets and their predictions of Christ. So it was with the people in the land of Zarahemla in the year 6 B.C. Because of the hardness in the hearts of the people in this land at that day, the Lord had sent again unto them a prophet called Samuel the Lamanite whom they had driven from their city before. And Samuel spoke unto the people from the city wall proclaiming with a loud and warning voice:

"Behold, I, Samuel, a Lamanite, do speak the words of the Lord which he doth put into my heart; . . . that the sword of justice hangeth over this people . . . . Yea, heavy destruction awaiteth this people . . . and nothing can save this people save it be repentance and faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, who surely shall come into the world, and shall suffer many things and shall be slain for his people" (Helaman 13:5-6).

"Ye do not remember the Lord your God in the things with which he hath blessed you, but ye do always remember your riches . . . yea, your hearts . . . do swell with great pride, unto boasting, and unto great swelling, envyings, strifes, malice, persecutions, and murders, and all manner of iniquities. For this cause hath the Lord God caused that a curse should come upon the land, and also upon your riches . . ." (Helaman 13:22-23).

" . . . Behold, I give unto you a sign; for five years more cometh, and behold, then cometh the Son of God to redeem all those who shall believe on his name. And behold, this will I give unto you for a sign at the time of his coming; . . . there shall be no darkness, insomuch that it shall appear unto man as if it was day.

"Therefore, there shall be one day

and a night and a day, as if it were one day and there were no night; and this shall be unto you for a sign; for ye shall know of the rising of the sun and also of its setting; therefore they shall know of a surety that there shall be two days and a night; nevertheless the night shall not be darkened; and it shall be the night before he is born.

"And behold, there shall a new star arise, such an one as ye never have beheld; and this also shall be a sign unto you.

"And behold this is not all, there shall be many signs and wonders in heaven.

"And it shall come to pass that ye shall all be amazed, and wonder . . ." (Helaman 14:2-7).

And so it did come to pass five years after the predictions of Samuel the Lamanite that the signs of Christ's birth in Jerusalem were shown forth in the heavens to the great amazement of the nations who lived upon the American continent. But beyond all power of human understanding were the sorrows and woes that befell these people about thirty-three years later at the crucifixion of the Savior. Then, indeed, were other words of Samuel which he had also spoken, that day from the walls of Zarahemla remembered, for he had said:

" . . . behold, in that day that he shall suffer death the sun shall be darkened and refuse to give his light unto you; and also the moon and the stars; and there shall be no light upon the face of this land, even from the time that he shall suffer death, for the space of three days, to the time that he shall rise again from the dead.

"Yea, at the time that he shall yield up the ghost there shall be thunderings and lightnings for the space of many hours, and the earth shall shake and tremble; and the rocks which are upon the face of this earth . . . shall be broken up;

"Yea, they shall be rent in twain, and shall ever after be found in seams and in cracks, and in broken fragments upon the face of the whole earth, yea, both above the earth and beneath.

"And behold, there shall be great tempests, and there shall be many mountains laid low, like unto a valley, and there shall be many places which are now called valleys which shall become mountains, whose height is great.

"And many highways shall be broken up, and many cities shall become desolate.

" . . . that while the thunder and the lightning lasted, and the tempest . . . that darkness should cover the face of the whole earth for the space of three days" (Heleman 14:20-24, 27).

The people were told that out of the darkness should come a still small voice from the heavens that should be heard throughout the land; and notwithstanding it should be a small voice it would pierce every soul to the center.

Then through the terrible darkness did come the still small voice saying:

"Wo, wo, wo . . . unto the inhabitants of the whole earth except they shall repent; for the devil laugheth, and his angels rejoice, because of the slain of the fair sons and daughters of my people; and it is because of

their iniquity and abominations that they are fallen!

"Behold, that great city of Zarahemla have I burned with fire, and the inhabitants thereof.

"And behold, that great city Moroni have I caused to be sunk in the depths of the sea, and the inhabitants thereof to be drowned" (Nephi 9:2-4).

"O all ye that are spared because ye were more righteous than they, will ye not now return unto me, and repent of your sins, and be converted, that I may heal you?" (3 Nephi, 9:13).

"And verily I say unto you, that ye are they of whom I said: Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice . . ." (3 Nephi, 15:21).

"Behold, I am Jesus Christ the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are. I was with the Father from the beginning . . . and in me hath the Father glorified his name . . . . I am the light and the life of the world . . ." (3 Nephi 9:15; 18).

And thus Christ did come to a remnant of the tribe of Joseph, the Nephites, who lived upon the great continent of America—in fulfillment of phophecy. And not only did He come, but He stayed long enough to establish His Church among this people, and to say unto them, "Blessed are ye if ye shall believe in me and be baptized." His was a gospel of positive action for the believer. In the plain and beautiful words which He spoke to the Nephites may be found the way for one to become a member of His Church.

Suggestions for Active Reading and Discussion

So essential is the ordinance of baptism that the Savior stressed its need over and over again. Read chapter 18 of 3 Nephi and note the number of times and the different ways in which the Savior brings into His commands the important ordinance of baptism.

No better parting assignment to end this course of lessons on *Stories From the Book of Mormon* could be given than to suggest a careful reading of chapters 8 to 26 of 3 Nephi, bearing in mind the closing verse of chapter 26, which reads: "And they who were baptized in the name of Jesus were called the church of Christ."

REBINDING

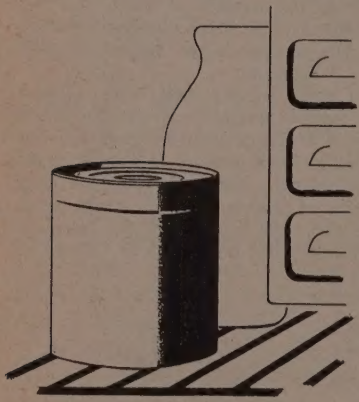
Alice Morrey Bailey

Let's take our book to the binder—
Too many pages are lost;
Some remaining are bitter,
Others are stormy and tossed,
It has been carelessly handled,
Trampled with thoughtless feet,
Left in the garden, neglected—
Wide open to wind and sleet.
We learned so late what was precious,
The cover is old and torn;
But we still have the day that you kissed me.
And the day that our son was born.

Save waste fats and greases

Strain into clean can

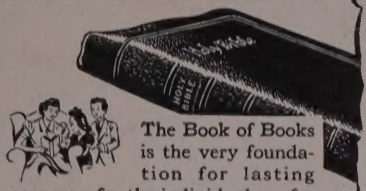
Keep in cool dark place



Sell it to your meat dealer

SAVE WASTE FATS

PEACE *that* ENDURES
***is based on the* BIBLE**



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